PATENT PAYOLA IRENE TILL

THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 14, 1972 50 cents

WORKERS' CONTROL

Vision of a New Social Order

John Case

GETTING BUSTED ABROAD

Bernard Weiner

SCHOOL DESEGREGATION

North Carolina Over the Hump

Naomi Myles

William Burford: George Seferis, Part II

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LETTERS

respect for McGovern

Pipestone, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: As a supporter for the candidacy of Sen. George McGovern for the Democratic nomination for President, I have been pleased by the favorable mention your magazine has given him on several occasions in the recent past. The editorial, "Show Biz in Miami" [Dec. 6] is one that stands out in my memory.

Those of us who have been increasingly impressed by the Senator's campaign and have a growing respect for him as a person and as a Presidential candidate, are gratified to have a national magazine of the stature of *The Nation* sharing some of our views. *(Mrs.) Earle J. Teas*

a measure of madness

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: If Mr. Picciotto reads Unamuno "not with one's senses" it is because he himself is patently lacking in feeling. ["Of Steiner, Unamuno, and Loss of Faith," *The Nation*, Jan. 10]. It is preposterous to attribute a "fundamental inability to write as [a] whole man" to the very writer who, together with Valle-Inclán, was the first expressionist in Europe. Unamuno was always intensely personal and profound, and his words reach us like flames from his unquenchable spirit. . . . "A poet," Unamuno wrote, "is he who lays his soul bare to the rhythm of language." Even the philosophical works of this man cannot be understood without passion and feeling and a measure of madness. Unamuno's foremost preoccupation, immortality, and the necessity to believe in God in order to be eternal, is completely ignored by the reviewer. . . .

Unamuno wished to be thought of primarily as a poet, and, despite Picciotto's contention that "Unamuno's acute malaise is to be found in [his] failure as [an] artist," he is known as one of the great poets of the Castilian landscape, and as one of the great mystical poets of Spain in the tradition of Fray Luis de León and Saint John of the Cross. Unamuno's greatest and longest poem, "El Cristo de Velázquez," consisting of eighty-eight meditations on the dying Christ, is a work of consummate beauty and profundity, and one of the great poems of the Spanish language.

José Brain y Suárez

token amends

Newton, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Many readers must be dismayed at the "limited resumption" of the bombing of North Vietnam. . . . Already there are reports from Hanoi that two civilian hospitals have been struck in Thanh Hoa and Hoa Binh, killing and wounding patients (*Boston Evening Globe*, Dec. 28).

Past experience shows that the civilian damage caused by American planes in Indochina, whether by accident or design, greatly exceeds the neutralization of military assets. President Johnson's "Operation Rolling Thunder" resulted in the destruction of many hospitals and clinics and the death of hundreds of patients and medical staff. In June 1965, for example, the Quynh Lap leprosarium with 2,000 beds, the most modern in Southeast Asia, was bombed thirty-two times for forty-eight hours.

Recently a group of American doctors and scientists has formed an organization to offer token reparation for this destruction, and to challenge the assumption that the people of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia are our enemies. Sponsors include many distinguished Congressmen, churchmen and academic figures. Funds are now being raised to send medical aid to the health services of North Vietnam, the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, the Lao Patriotic Front and the Royal Cambodian Government of National Union. Readers are invited to send donations to Medical Aid for Indochina, 474 Center St., Newton, Mass. 02158. *Charles E. Magraw, M.D., Medical Aid for Indochina*

EDITORIALS

The Peking Talks

The big show of the late winter political season opens in Peking on February 21. Good reasons exist for being chary of advance comment on this particular summit; it is full of uncertainties and one must wait and see. But that does not preclude following a line of reasoning, pieced together from various sources and indicating that a basis may exist, not for reaching a settlement in Vietnam but for establishing a *framework* which might—when the time is ripe—facilitate a settlement. That line of reasoning is as follows:

(*1*) The Chinese are genuinely apprehensive about the Russians. Both sides are reported to have heavy troop concentrations along a border that stretches for thousands of miles. The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia was a warning sign, but there were others still earlier. Even before the Sino-Soviet split, apparently reliable reports on Soviet missile dispositions described one complex as being targeted not on the United States but on the People's Republic of China. John Service, one of the original old China hands, noticed in his recent unsupervised tour radars that pointed north. The Soviets have scored in the Indian subcontinent, at least for the time being, and the Chinese would not like to have a pro-Soviet regime ensconced in a unified Vietnam. Prof. Ross Terrill reports (in the current *Atlantic Monthly*) that Chou En-lai said to him, with a disagreeable laugh, "Now Dulles has a successor." Today's military encirclement of China is threatened by the Soviet Union, a maneuver that is geographically much easier for the Russians than for the United States.

(*2*) Concomitantly, China seems to have lost much of its fear of America or, more narrowly, of encirclement by the United States acting alone. One reason is the way in which we got ourselves bogged down in Vietnam: from the Chinese viewpoint, America may indeed look, in Richard Nixon's phrase, like a sick giant. Not that such a monster may not still be dangerous, but it is less formidable today than when its brain was the brain of Dulles. Another factor in China's new diplomacy emerges from the recent, very important visit of an Australian Labour Party delegation to Peking and the discussion between the Australians and Chou En-lai. Professor Terrill was present at that meeting, and concluded that, next to the Soviet Union, the Chinese leaders are most troubled by the possible revival of Japanese militarism—with the addition of nuclear weapons. While the Australian Labour Party is for the moment in opposition, Chou received its leader, E. Gough Whitlam, as a possible future prime minister, and spoke candidly and with impressive force. Nor should it be forgotten that in the long view the Australians may feel they have reason to be apprehensive of Japanese power themselves.

(*3*) China is sensitive about Laos because the two countries share a border. The "incursion" into southern Laos in February 1971 provoked the Chinese into alerting some thirty divisions in Yunnan. Obviously they want a buffer zone in this area, as in Tibet. If they deemed it necessary, they could intervene forcibly but, if they are

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sometimes violent verbally, they are notably cautious in action.

(4) Taiwan is a problem of no particular urgency for the Chinese, and hence no barrier to a limited, mutually cautious *rapprochement* between the United States and China. The Chinese will never modify their claim that Taiwan is Chinese territory, but there is no hurry about getting it back.

(5) Even given the inclination, there are limits to the degree of pressure China can exert on North Vietnam. China has given perhaps $2 billion in aid, the Soviets perhaps $3 billion. What Hanoi needs at this juncture is fighter aircraft, which the Soviets have, and the Chinese have not—at least to give away.

(6) The Cambodians seem about ready to throw in the sponge. Their own military forces have proved inadequate, and between North Vietnamese and South Vietnamese troops in their country, the Cambodians probably prefer the former. Sihanouk is in Peking. A deal might be arranged whereby Sihanouk would return to Phnom Penh, Cambodia would once more be neutralized, and Laos, where Souvanna Phouma is vulnerable to a right-wing coup, would assume the same status. In a practical sense, this would serve to "isolate" North Vietnam. Thus Hanoi could become dependent on Russian supply by sea, and might be more inclined to join the rest of Indochina in a comprehensive settlement.

(7) The Chinese doubt that any country can be the ally of another. There is still in theoretical existence a "Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance and Mutual Aid." Temporary loose partnerships may be formed and can play an important role in diplomacy, but they must be seen for what they are. The Chinese have such a tie with North Vietnam and there is no sign that they would fail to discharge their obligations under it; but they are obviously in a position to apply pressure, in a variety of ways, if it suits their interests to do so.

None of this indicates that Mr. Nixon will come home from Peking with anything startling. But the possibility that he will come home with *something* should not be dismissed.

Arizona Straw in the Wind

It seems evident from the Arizona Democratic primary balloting on January 29 that, given enough money and effort, John Lindsay can generate enthusiasm for his candidacy for the Presidential nomination. Starting late, but with more funds than his opponents, New York's Mayor was able to garner 118 of the 500 delegates to that state's party convention, as against 189 for Senator Muskie, 102 for Senator McGovern, eighty-five uncommitted (essentially oriented toward Senators Humphrey or Jackson) and a smattering committed to Humphrey, Jackson, Congresswoman Chisholm and Senator Hartke.

Adding up the totals, the Lindsay-McGovern left-of-Center forces appear surprisingly strong. They pulled in 220 delegates to Muskie's 189 and the Humphrey-Jackson right-of-Center's eighty-five. It would be risky, though, to generalize from that result to the fortunes of the party at large. For the backbone of the Democratic Party—in terms of votes, if not of financial support—has tradition-

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1972 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 214
No. 7

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ally been organized labor. And in Arizona, organized workers did not vote in large numbers, probably because there was no candidate attractive to them. George Wallace did not run and Jackson and Humphrey both reportedly urged their supporters to vote for the uncommitted delegates. Labor was so ineffectual, in fact, that the Arizona AFL-CIO chairman was defeated for a delegate spot in his own district.

What this portends, if the Jackson and Humphrey candidacies fail to catch fire, is a possible convention victory for the relatively uncontroversial Muskie. Yet the Maine Senator, if he is nominated, may find himself with only reluctant support from the forces of Lindsay-McGovern, et al. on his left and Humphrey-Jackson-Wallace on his right. The easy course to the nomination may well prove to be the centrist path of least resistance, but, unfortunately, that consensus path may rest on too weak a foundation of voter enthusiasm to take the White House away from Richard Nixon—or, for that matter, to change significantly the direction of the government's programs and policies if it were victorious.

Slush Fund, 1972 Style

In *The Nation* of November 22, 1971 we ran a piece by Sen. Frank Church, "Impounding Congressional Policy," in which the Senator explained how it has come about that an incumbent President can decline to spend funds which Congress has appropriated for a particular program. Now Rep. William Anderson (D., Tenn.), the former naval commander who has shown unusual courage in his subsequent political career, has carried the analysis a bit further. His conclusion is that the President can spend impounded funds whenever he wants, and in whatever amount he chooses.

With his small staff, Anderson investigated ten major programs within the Departments of Housing and Urban Development and of Agriculture, between July 1971 and January of this year. The results appear in the *Congressional Record* for January 19. Anderson asserts that Mr. Nixon has accumulated a "slush fund" of $3.5 billion from previously appropriated funds for relieving the burdens of the poor, the elderly, schoolchildren and others in need of help, as recognized by Congress. The technique is simple. In a nonelection year the Executive spends at a 20 per cent rate, leaving 80 per cent of the original amount for use in an election year. ". . . let me assure you that this money will be spent," Mr. Anderson says. "When? Precisely in time to jack up the economy and the President's publicity by November. A super pork barrel." Mr. Nixon did not invent this technique—John F. Kennedy was adept at it and so was Lyndon B. Johnson. But what they did modestly, Nixon is doing lavishly.

This is one way to corrupt an electorate, provided it is willing to be corrupted. Of course the beneficiaries can lap up this largesse and still vote against the generous President, but his chances of corralling their votes are certainly improved.

Anderson's assistants checked with the Office of Management and Budget and were told that the fault lies with Congress, in that withholding is necessary to "resolve inconsistent legislative directives concerning total government spending and individual appropriation bills." Anderson says this is sheer nonsense: "Any Congressional 'inconsistency' regarding the $3.5 billion campaign slush fund will evaporate within the next few months like the morning dew in Dixie." He found extreme difficulty in getting straight answers from OMB—a frustration well known to other legislators. The Freedom of Information Act requires that information be provided to members of Congress, but Anderson discovered that the Act is evaded, not by outright refusal to provide information but by simply ignoring the requests.

Anderson is introducing a bill to require the President to notify the Congress whenever he impounds, or authorizes the impounding of, funds which Congress has appropriated for a program. It would also require that Congress approve such impounding within sixty days after the President makes his request. This bill parallels legislation which Sen. Sam Ervin proposed several months ago. Ervin and Anderson will apparently combine their views in a single bill.

Anderson has exposed one more example of the feedback of power to enhance the authority of the President and diminish that of Congress. Whether constitutionally or otherwise, the President uses his ability to withhold authorized funds in order to buttress the excessive power he already enjoys. Thus power builds on power. It all adds up to what one observer describes as "the tyranny of incumbency." It is time to curb the process.

Enough Is Enough

Imagine spending nearly eight years of your late teens and early twenties in New York City's prisons, without ever having been convicted of a crime. Imagine that during those eight years you have gone through three long trials —only to have the verdict of the first overturned and the other two end in hung juries. Think, then, what your opinion might be of the constitutional guarantees of presumption of innocence, of the right to a speedy trial and against cruel and unusual punishment.

The Harlem 4—Wallace Baker, William Craig, Ronald Felder and Walter Thomas—have spent the last eight years of their lives in prison, charged with the 1964 killing of a white Harlem merchant. Along with two other young blacks, they were convicted in 1965, but the verdict was overturned in 1968 by the New York State Court of Appeals. At that time, then Justice Kenneth Keating divided the six for further trials: one has been convicted (he is appealing) and another has pleaded guilty to a lesser charge. The remaining four were tried for a second time last March, but the jury deadlocked. On January 27, a third trial ended in another hung jury.

The chief prosecutor in all three cases, Asst. Dist. Atty. Robert Lehner, has called for a fourth trial, and Manhattan Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan is at present deciding whether or not to allow him to make that plea. New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph Martinis has set bail at a prohibitive $75,000 for each of the four.

While their contemporaries have spent these last eight years in college or starting their vocational lives, these

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four have been locked away, waiting for the state to dispose of their futures. No white man in New York has ever been tried four times on the same charges. Hogan should let these men go free so that they may, as one juror in the last trial put it, "go out now and live a good full life—these boys have lost their most precious years."

Naughty Carole!

The occasion was the presentation by the President of the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian decoration, to Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, founders of the *Reader's Digest*, U. S. circulation 18 million, unfailing supporter of the Vietnamese War and Richard M. Nixon. After a White House white-tie dinner, that was attended by almost all the luminaries of right-wing America, including Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Hook and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kristol, the company retired to the East Room for entertainment, to be provided by the Ray Conniff Singers. Acting as master of ceremonies, the President said that the ensemble would be thought "square" and so it was, and that's why it was there. In an inspired simile, he said that the Conniff group was to music what the *Digest* was to print.

As the boys and girls were about to warble, one of them, Carole Feraci, pulled a placard—"Stop the Killing"—out of her gown. She was front center and right in line with the microphone, into which she read the following little sermon:

> Mr. President, stop bombing human beings, animals and vegetation.
>
> You go to church on Sunday [he doesn't; church comes to him] and pray to Jesus Christ. If Jesus Christ was in this room tonight you would not dare to drop another bomb.
>
> Bless the Berrigans and Daniel Ellsberg.

The celebrities sat petrified, but the intrepid Mr. Conniff led his chorus into *Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me*, at the conclusion of which John A. Mulcahy, wealthy New York real estate man, found his voice and shouted, "Throw the bum out!"

Whereupon Mr. Conniff ordered Miss Feraci off the stage, apologized to the President for her unseemly conduct, and the program continued. Offstage, in the presence of Herb Klein, the President's director of communications, and two Secret Service men, Miss Feraci spoke to the press. Klein, with the disregard for presumption of innocence that is habitual with this Administration, asked her whether she "blessed the Berrigans for the bombing they planned."

"No," Miss Feraci replied calmly, according to the Washington *Star* reporter, "for the draft cards they burned. I blessed them for what they believe in. I don't believe in bombing, but if that's what it takes. . . ."

At this point the Secret Service stepped in and escorted her off for questioning. They found her unarmed and without a police record. So they led her to the White House gate and put her in a taxi.

After the President and Mrs. Nixon had retired to their quarters, the guests vented their feelings. Martha Mitchell, her face red, yelled, "I think she should be torn limb from limb." Billy Graham was more moderate, although his face was purple; one can understand a noted preacher's mortification at having to listen to an amateur invoking Jesus Christ. Secretary of State William P. Rogers said, more in sorrow than in anger, "I'm sure she's just a mixed-up youngster." Told she is 30, he said, "Well, you don't necessarily get wisdom at that age." Or at 60, he might have added.

The venerable Wallaces (they are 81), left with the Presidential couple. Mr. Wallace said he was "disgusted." The *Digest* will no doubt continue to prosper. It has always been strong on health, and just now is publishing articles in which various organs of the body speak directly to the reader. The current piece is, "I Am Joe's Prostate." The Medal of Freedom is well bestowed for such contributions to the national culture.

Gold Brick

Whatever revelations may be still to come in the Howard Hughes biography caper, McGraw-Hill and *Life* are going to come out of the fracas looking silly. And that is because the smell of money turned the presumably trade-hardened managers of those two publishing outfits into the kind of gullible yokels who in generations past were eager to buy the Brooklyn Bridge from plausible strangers. When a writer about whom you know very little drops by to spin you a yarn about having enjoyed a dawn rendezvous with America's most widely publicized mystery man on a summit above the ruins of a Zapotec city, prudence would suggest that you seek verification of the encounter before producing your checkbook.

But that was not the procedure followed by the executives of McGraw-Hill and *Life*. They read the manuscript thrust under their eager noses and, ignoring the common knowledge that gold bricks always display a reassuring luster, "satisfied" themselves that a narrative so circumstantial must be authentic. (As, of course, it may be—the point is that the publishers do not know.)

The ensuing imbroglio is of no great importance, except as public entertainment, but it is symptomatic of the state into which American publishing has declined. What with serial rights, paperback sales, book club selections, movie adaptations and, in extreme cases, franchises for dolls, sweatshirts and allied soft goods, publishing has become a bonanza business. Firms that once built and maintained a list of substantial books now seek jackpots. It is a high-risk trade, no doubt exciting, and sometimes extremely lucrative. But on the negative side it is hostile to works of genuine and sustained value. McGraw-Hill has said that, as a result of the furor surrounding the Irving manuscript, their other current publications—including *The Roots of Civilization* by Alexander Marshak of the Peabody Museum of Harvard—are being neglected. One can imagine that the firms' directors must be concentrating rather single-mindedly on those very large checks they drew to one "H. R. Hughes" and which have turned up so unexpectedly in Zurich. But one wonders whether, if the Hughes biography had proved to be a cornucopia instead of looking alarmingly like a bubble, Dr. Marshak's book would have fared any better.

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GETTING BUSTED ABROAD

BERNARD WEINER
Mr. Weiner, who covered the Seattle conspiracy trial for The Nation *(November 2, 1970), is now with the* San Francisco Chronicle; *he is a frequent visitor to Spain.*

Hundreds of American young people are discovering, to their dismay, that in this era of the "global village," many of the other villagers are not quite ready to accept their life style. As a result, they spend years rotting in primitive jails. They come as tourists into slowly changing, but still fairly traditional cultures—such as those of Mexico, Spain, Greece, the Middle East—with their conspicuous hair, bizarre dress, loud music, sexual freedom and euphoric drugs. While they loudly condemn the typical American bourgeois tourists (often their own parents) for disrupting the traditional economy and customs of such places, they fail to see their own flamboyance as something that local officials might interpret as a threat to cherished conventions.

Many of them use marijuana, hashish, occasionally LSD, and some of them become dealers in these illegal drugs for the others. Increasingly, foreign authorities have come to the conclusion that the tourist money brought in by this sort of international hip-tourism is of less moment than the actual or potential "social harm" these young people bring with them. So they bust the "hippies" on whatever grounds they can—sometimes for vagrancy or cohabitation (as happened last summer on the Spanish island of Ibiza in the Mediterranean), but usually for possessing drugs, which may have been planted by the local police or customs officials. If the sentences are harsh enough, these functionaries hope, the threat to their proud cultures and to their own young people can be checked. And in the process, they can preserve the traditional atmosphere which attracts the more affluent tourist.

The "hippies" who fall foul of the law are usually unfamiliar with the legal system in the country through which they are passing, have few contacts with influential natives, do not know their rights—or whom to buy off for how much—and may suffer serious abuse, sometimes physical, at the hands of local law enforcers. In some places, they cannot expect to receive much aid from representatives of their own governments, who often are in an ideological, if not practical, alliance with the police.

A typical case—but with atypical, even frightening, aspects—is that of Jack V. Maniaci, a young Warner Brothers Records promoter from California, who for the past year has been locked in a prison in Las Palmas in the Spanish Canary Islands. Maniaci was arrested February 1971 for alleged involvement in smuggling quantities of hashish from Morocco to Las Palmas. When he was arrested on the ship arriving from Africa, Maniaci had no drugs on him, but police said another youth, a 16-year-old Canadian who was also aboard the ship, had confessed that the drugs found in his possession had come from the Californian. Maniaci says the Canadian told him later in prison that he had been beaten badly in order to force the confession from him; Maniaci's lawyer and his assistant say the Canadian's bruises were still evident months later.

It is interesting at this point to note what happens to a youngster who is arrested in a strange land; how he goes about defending himself, and what part U.S. consular officials can be expected to play. One can conceive the role of a consular agent in some small tourist city in three ways: as an official agent of the U.S. Government, as a neutral translator when the occasion arises, and as being—to put it gently—eager to maintain good relations with the police.

When Maniaci was busted, he was thrown into a 3-by-4-ft. dungeon and left there for nearly five days before being interrogated by the recently formed drug squad of the Las Palmas police. He says he made frequent requests to see the local U.S. consular agent, Manuel Martin, but the police slammed shut the gate of his cell whenever he raised the point. Word was finally sent to Martin and two days later he appeared at the jail. Probably to avoid suspicion of "kickbacks," consular officials are forbidden to recommend a local attorney. So he gave Maniaci a list of the lawyers available in town and told him which ones spoke English. The prisoner blindly picked one who spoke English, having very little alternative.

During interrogation, Maniaci gave his statement, his "confession." (Maniaci says he was told that unless he made a "confession," they would throw him back in that 3-by-4 dungeon for five months.) According to Spanish law, a suspect can challenge the translated language of the confession. Maniaci insists that he did not confess to having furnished the Canadian with the hashish. but the translated version says that he did. He wanted, he says, to challenge that wording, but was told by a court official who spoke some English that if he did he would fall into serious trouble; that since he had no drugs in his possession when arrested, he should let the wording stand. That way, he could be sure of a lenient sentence, perhaps only a few months for vagrancy and then deportation. Completely in the dark about Spanish law, terrified of going back to the dungeon, and Martin not being available for advice, Maniaci took the advice of his Spanish "friend" and let that all-important challenge slide by.

Meanwhile, other long-haired foreign youths were being rounded up, fifteen in all, and the local papers began playing up the capture of an "international drug-smuggling operation." (The Spaniards didn't miss that angle either; they took one look at Maniaci's Italian name—and that of another suspect, a boy from San Francisco—and, according to one paper, became panicky, believing that the Mafia was sending in drug smugglers "masquerading as hippies.") The fact that no hard drugs were involved and that hashish has become common in the dropout culture around the globe carried no weight with the Spanish media, with the drug squad which had a reputation to establish, or with national leaders. "Three years ago, there were no such arrests to speak of," Eduard Blanco, director-general of Spanish security, told reporters in Madrid last year. "Things have reached beyond

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what tolerance can permit, and the time has come when we have got to do something to keep our country clean from undesirable people."

The lawyer selected by Maniaci was also defending the other fourteen suspects—a clear conflict of interest since one of those was the Canadian youth whose "confession by persuasion" had implicated Maniaci. Maniaci's parents wrote Martin to ask what was going on. The lawyer, he replied, had visited their son in prison and is doing the best he can. At that point, however, the lawyer had never set eyes on Maniaci. When his parents and friends learned that, they hired a San Francisco attorney, Morley Shapiro, who had had some success in similar drug cases in Amsterdam. Shapiro flew to Spain, fired the local lawyer and obtained others, and set about during his three-week stay to investigate the case, the behavior of Martin in the whole affair, and some other startling findings—including the willingness of the American Express office in Las Palmas to turn over mail and packages to the local police.

According to Shapiro, the police originally had a court order empowering them to seize mail of one of the American suspects, but the police were then told to stop any such interdiction. However, Shapiro has a copy of a tape-recorded conversation with an American Express mail clerk who says she was ordered by her boss to turn over to the police the mail of a selected group of Americans and Canadians—as well as to note any hippie types coming into the office who looked "funny."

Shapiro also came back with a tape-recorded conversation with Maniaci in the prison about his case, his treatment, how his "confession" was obtained by means of threat, and so on. Once back in the Bay Area, Shapiro also produced an affidavit from a person in Morocco who swears that he, not Maniaci, gave the hashish to the Canadian.

John Groth, The Lamp

Harbor of Las Palmas

When Martin learned of the role of the American Express Company in this case he became extremely concerned. So did the United States Embassy in Madrid, and State Department personnel in Washington, the latter learning about this aspect of the case from Shapiro, since Martin's report somehow never made its way to the State Department. The embassy in Madrid maintains that the practice has now been stopped, which may or may not be so, but in any case provides no legal or political help to those whose privacy has already been violated. (A public relations man for American Express in New York, when asked what the company's policy was in releasing to foreign authorities mail addressed in its care, said: "There is no policy because it doesn't happen—it has never been asked of us.")

Meanwhile, Maniaci—like many of the 700 or so other young Americans who were busted abroad last year—remains in prison, his trial not scheduled to begin for at least several months, more than a full year after his arrest. His lawyers are finding it difficult to enter the affidavit from the man who says he passed the dope to the Canadian in Morocco. Martin and the other U.S. officials can (or will) do little to aid him. If he is convicted, and according to precedent he may well be, he could receive as little as six years or as much as twelve years in Spanish prisons. (Maniaci told Shapiro that he'd rather rot in San Quentin or Folsom than remain in the Las Palmas jail, which, he said, is like "an insane asylum and a nightmare.")

State Department indifference is by no means unique to Maniaci's case. Another Bay Area youth, Richard Gary Branchaud, was picked up by the Las Palmas drug squad in December on a marijuana charge. His mother says her son had to wait five days after his arrest to speak with Martin, and she herself was not notified until a week after that. "Why did five days elapse after Gary's arrest before he got to see the consulate?" she asked. "Where was Manuel Martin while Gary was being interrogated and 'confessing'?" Sharon La Bere, a young Bay Area woman who was recently released from a prison in Iran after being charged with "spying," had a similar experience. She condemned the U.S. consulate in Tehran for "complete lack of help. They wanted me to write an apology to the Shah. They said I'd be in prison for fifteen or twenty years if I didn't cooperate with the secret police. All the help I had, and it was little enough during a trial conducted entirely in Persian, was a court-appointed attorney who first saw me fifteen minutes before the trial."

"The hands-off policy used by U.S. consular officials," says lawyer Shapiro, "can be equated with letting these kids get convicted." And he adds, basing his remark upon what Martin told him about the help he received from the embassy in Madrid—it is insane to suppose that the so-called "legal adviser" there is not sufficiently familiar with Spanish criminal law to aid young Americans in legal trouble. It could be, however, that the Administration values U.S. air bases in Spain too much to show any special concern for "hippies" in trouble. □

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VISION OF A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

JOHN CASE
Mr. Case is a Fellow of the Cambridge Institute, where he has been conducting studies in workers' management and community control. With Gerry Hunnius and G. David Garson, he is editing a book on the international workers' control movement to be published later this year by Doubleday Anchor.

The goal of the Left is democracy—not simply the system of representative government that we now enjoy but *self-government* in the economic and social spheres, as well as the political. The Left believes that the wealth of nations must be owned and controlled by the people, and that both the economic and political systems must be decentralized to allow effective participatory control. It looks, ultimately, toward a "cooperative commonwealth" in which equality and cooperation coexist with freedom and grassroots power.

It is a large order. Any good radical can say the words. To grasp what they might mean in concrete terms is more difficult; to establish a connection between that distant vision and what can be done right now is harder still. Part of the problem is that the Left tends to separate the future from the present. Worrying about ultimate goals is utopian, an exercise for academic theoreticians. Worrying about strategy is the province of activists: "make the revolution first, and a better society will emerge from the struggle." Seldom do the two concerns intersect.

By now, history should have taught us the futility of action for action's sake, as it has certainly taught us the futility of utopian speculation that is unrelated to strategic possibilities. The North American labor movements, for example, have a long, militant and often violent past. Yet, in the absence of a clear radical vision, the militance has been easily channeled into wage demands and similar bread-and-butter, short-term reform issues that are important in themselves but never challenge the structure of society.

And the logic is persuasive. What seems obtainable—higher wages, better working conditions, decent pensions—does not require challenging that structure. What *might* be obtainable through radical transformation is unimagined, so the power of working people to effect that transformation remains unused. In André Gorz's words: "The working class will not unite politically or mount the barricades to get a 10 per cent wage increase or 50,000 more units of public housing." They don't need to; nor would the goal be worth the effort and the risk. Unless a vision of a better social order can be made concrete—*and* related to present possibilities—people will struggle for what they can get within the existing system. They will cast a skeptical eye on radicals who call for an undefined transformation of society.

More: as Martin Buber has argued, a better society must be built up gradually, be it before or after a political revolution. People's behavior and ways of thinking change slowly; and the changes can come only from new ideas and new experiences all along the way. The idea of an event called a "revolution" begs the question of the *process* by which the empirical base for a new society is created. This process depends on the development of alternative ways of living and working, a development which necessarily accompanies the protracted struggle for institutional power. Creating a vision of these alternatives becomes an essential task.

The new society, however, does not arise out of thin air. Still less does it spring full-blown from the heads of radical theorists. It tests itself in action, in the possibility of realizing, however partially, the goals posited in the vision and moving beyond them to the next step. The vision is necessarily abstract until people come to feel its values and to relate them to their own lives. Linking ultimate goals with practical actions can save both from sterility.

One element of a good society, in most radicals' minds, is workers' self-management. In one form or another, self-management seems crucial as a way to extend democracy to the work place, to redirect the use of economic resources, restore (or create) nonalienating forms of labor and instill a custom of democratic control at the basic level. Specific goals which the Left traditionally advocates for the work place—job rotation, the equalization of work and status, the linking of manual and intellectual labor—depend on self-management for their implementation and maintenance.

The vision of self-management needs development. We need to ask ourselves what it would look like, how it would operate, what structural forms would incorporate and perpetuate it. Perhaps most important, we need to

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examine the context in which self-management would function: what form of social ownership, what mix of planning and markets, what balance between workers' management and community or public economic control. Some experience and a lot of theory are available, and the task of clarifying this vision would be both interesting and useful.

We also need to begin testing this element of our vision. If self-management is a critical part of a better society, then demands for workers' control should, over time, have widespread appeal to workers on the job. There is evidence that at first the idea seems farfetched to most workers. They question their ability (and often their right) to run an enterprise traditionally managed by an elite. Demands for workers' control can demystify the notion of self-management, and make the possibility of democratic control seem real. In the context of a broader Socialist movement, they begin to create the experience needed to make self-management an eventual reality. There is no movement for workers' control in America; nor does the idea have the currency that it enjoys in Western Europe. Nonetheless, there are indications that workers' control strategies may be ripe for development.

The Industrial Working Class

The North American labor force is not highly unionized. Unions represent only 28 per cent of nonagricultural workers in the United States (1968) and 32.5 per cent in Canada. These figures can be misleading, however, for unions are heavily concentrated in certain industries. More than 70 per cent of the U. S. work force in transportation, communications, public utilities and construction is unionized, as are roughly half of U. S. mining and manufacturing workers. Thus the supposition that industrial blue-collar workers are normally union members has some truth to it.

Those who belong to unions are better off than those who do not, but even where union membership predominates, the image of the affluent, satisfied North American industrial worker is little more than a myth. In isolated instances—notably in skilled crafts and the building trades—unions have won substantial economic benefits. For the rest, the problems remain.

In 1965, 69 per cent of U. S. union members earned between $5,000 and $10,000, and only 14 per cent earned more. At General Motors, where membership in the powerful UAW is almost universal for blue-collar employees, the average annual wage is roughly $8,000. Yet the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has stated that an urban family of four requires in America nearly $10,000 to maintain a "moderate" standard of living.

Of course, not all the problems are purely economic, nor do the symptoms of discontent always take the form of economic demands. Blue-collar absenteeism at General Motors, though pay is on an hourly basis, has more than doubled over the past ten years—an increase that has driven the company to offer monogrammed beer mugs and green stamps for good attendance. Sabotage, drinking and drugs are all on the rise in large industrial plants. Perhaps most significant, a number of studies have indicated an incredibly low level of mental health among industrial workers in certain kinds of jobs (mental health scores tend to drop dramatically for those in the most routine and most closely supervised jobs).

Unions, in their traditional role as collective bargaining agents, have been unable to deal either with the industrial worker's economic insecurity or with his alienation at work. Demands for workers' control—within or without the union, depending on the situation—may provide the starting point for a strategy that goes beyond collective bargaining to cope with deeper problems.

For example, a central aspect of the industrial worker's economic insecurity is management's complete control over shutdowns, layoffs, transfers of operations, and the basic organization of the plant. In the past, such decisions have been largely outside the scope of union concern. Today, there is some evidence of change.

In Toronto in early 1970, Dunlop Rubber closed a plant. The union local began to organize protests, and radicals working with the group found some support for the concept, if not the language, of workers' control. But the battle had begun too late; organizers were unable to reach the rank and file of the local to mobilize a broad base of support. The international union sent a telegram of encouragement, but did little else. The Ontario provincial government stated firmly that the decision to shut a plant was management's prerogative. When the Dunlop Rubber insurgents demanded that the company open its books to an impartial commission made up of labor, government and management representatives, they were turned down by management and the Ontario government.

If greater support had been forthcoming from organized labor and community groups, the outcome might have been different. Workers, with the backing of the community, might have aimed at taking over the plant and running it themselves, demanding whatever technical help and working capital they needed from government or the company. In a similar situation in Italy some years ago, workers in a Reggio Emilia machine plant occupied their factory when it was due to be closed. With widespread community aid—particularly in the form of money and food collected by the townspeople until the first tractor came off the line—they were able to operate the plant long enough to reorganize the process of production. Eventually the state was persuaded by pressure from working-class parties to support the enterprise.

Factories in Saclay, Vitry and elsewhere in France were occupied during the events of May 1968. Though this action was short-lived, it may have provided the precedent for future developments; in fact the CFDT, France's second largest trade union federation, has recently gone on record as demanding democratic socialism and worker self-management in French industry. The CFDT was the only large union federation to support any of the revolutionary demands of students and young workers during the May events.

In general, a strategy of workers' control over the work place can broaden into control over the functioning of the plant in the larger society: what it produces, how much the product costs, what are the side effects of production. The UAW has already raised the issue of car-pricing policies. Though these were not at issue in the 1970 strike, the possibility of affecting automobile prices—and thus the inflationary impact of a new wage settle-

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ment—represents a significant step toward workers' control. Similarly, the Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers' Union in Canada has placed control of pollution on its bargaining agenda. In these cases, the unions are beginning to deal with economic and social issues through demand for workers' control. If the automobile prices rise, or if working people are taxed more to pay for pollution control, union-won wage increases go for nought. If the companies can be forced to absorb the cost of higher wages or overhead in reduced profits, the benefits accruing to the workers involved may provide the basis for more far-reaching demands.

An issue of fundamental importance in this context is what the plant produces, and for whom. In the United States, this issue has direct and immediate relevance in the case of arms production. Many plants are wholly or predominantly dependent on military contracts, but the business is wildly unstable: contracts come and go according to political ebbs and flows, and the needs of the Defense Department itself vary greatly with budgetary fluctuations and changes in the international situation. For workers in arms plants, the result is not only that they are made accomplices in an inhuman war machine; it is also that their jobs can never be wholly secure. Demanding workers' control over choice of contracts and decisions about products can be a way to combat this insecurity.

In Minneapolis, a local peace group attacked the Honeywell Corporation for producing fragmentation bombs to be used in Vietnam. Though the initial reaction of the workers was often hostile—understandably, since their livelihood seemed under attack—the situation allows for the development of alternative production plans and demands by union and workers that they be given a voice in future product decisions. In Bedford, Mass., some years ago, organizers working with arms-plant employees were able to raise the issue of product conversion. They gained substantial support until the escalation of the war in Vietnam made jobs once again seem secure.

Eventually, the critical initial economic demand—one which has characterized workers' control movements throughout the world—is to have the company "open the books" on a permanent basis. Whether the issue is plant closure, pricing and production policies, or choice of product, the workers cannot make effective demands if they do not have access to the financial information available to management. In their role as collective bargaining agents, unions have recognized this for some time: the UAW expends a good deal of effort keeping duplicate records of the auto companies' financial situations. Struggles for workers' control are even more dependent on the ability of workers to counter management's claims with information of their own.

But workers' control is not a strategy to deal only with economic issues. In fact, it must not be; the evidence indicates that working conditions and the organization of production are equally important to the industrial worker. In the 1970 UAW strike, the national union was bargaining primarily about wages and benefits, but the issue that most concerned many workers at the local level was compulsory overtime.

Control over working conditions and production methods suggests many different demands. In Massachusetts, organizers have been working with union representatives on questions of industrial health and safety; eventually, such a project could lead to workers' councils that were responsible for overseeing the safety aspects of production. Workers might also demand control over hiring and firing, as have British dock workers. Or workers' control could take the form of reorganizing production itself. Thus the United Auto Workers has proposed that "teams of workers follow a new car down the assembly line, working on the car from start to finish." Such a change, the union argues, would make "the job of auto workers more interesting, and improve the quality of the product." In general, workers' control over the job would mean, in the words of one union official: "Direct control by workers over the scheduling of work, the speed of production, work methods, and the selection of supervision. It is also essential to establish veto rights over layoffs, discipline and other management prerogatives." A group of organizers working out of Toronto has initiated a series of discussions on issues like these with insurgent groups of steelworkers and others. But again, the process is just beginning.

Are such strategies viable? One answer is that every significant study has shown that participation in work-process decisions substantially increases job satisfaction. There is therefore every reason to believe that demand could build on demand, one leading to another, until workers are able to demand full control over the process of production.

A second answer is that if unions and worker groups do not take the initiative in this area, management will. Already, the "human relations" approach to management has gained widespread acceptance among large firms; a number of "enlightened" companies are introducing job-enrichment and worker-participation schemes such as the Scanlon Plan. Unions have usually been hostile to this process—often rightly so, though often for the wrong reasons—for it further integrates the worker into an economic situation that does not work for his benefit. But management is offering workers concrete rewards, and unless worker organizations can counter with an offensive that promises the same benefits *and* challenges management prerogatives elsewhere, they will continue to lose the support of their members. Workers' control can be a strategy for radical change only if the demand develops from the bottom up, and only if the strategy does not aim at merely changing the work process while leaving management's power untouched elsewhere.

All of these situations represent at the moment no more than possibilities—fledgling attempts at organizing whose success cannot yet be determined. But the point is simple. The North American industrial worker—even where he is unionized, and many are not—remains in a fundamentally insecure economic position and fundamentally alienated from his work. Though traditional union demands can mitigate the economic problem, and can sometimes spell out desirable working conditions, a strategy of workers' control can go one step further toward the ultimate goal of self-management and may therefore prove more effective in mobilizing workers. Workers' control, far from being alien to the industrial labor force,

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may prove to be a strategic key for radical organizers.

Service and White-Collar Workers

The time is past, though, when the blue-collar industrial force made up the bulk of the working class. The North American labor force is in transition. Part of the shift is indicated by the relative growth figures for white-collar and blue-collar sectors of employment. In 1950 and 1966 alike, blue-collar workers made up roughly 55 per cent of the work force, while the white-collar portion rose from 29.7 per cent to 38.8 per cent. Broken down by occupational grouping, professional and technical workers increased in number by 89.8 per cent, clerical by 68.6 per cent, and "operatives" (manufacturing workers) by only 18.5 per cent.

Within this shift another significant change was taking place: from manufacturing to service jobs, even within the blue-collar rankings. Commodity-producing sectors actually declined as a percentage of the work force from 1950 to 1966. Service-producing sectors, in contrast, rose from 40.9 per cent to 53.3 per cent. A particularly important aspect of this adjustment is that government employment has been growing at all levels. Economist Jay Mandle notes: "Between 1947 and 1965, nonmilitary employment—almost totally service employees—grew by over 3 per cent per year, far more than any other industrial sector." Though the organized industrial sector of the work force remains large and important, any movement for workers' control in North America must also include the expanding sectors of the labor force: white collar, service, and government employees.

The task of developing workers' control strategies is perhaps most dubious with respect to privately employed blue-collar service workers: hospital workers, maintenance workers, waiters, and so on. Though this sector of the economy is growing, few attempts have been made to unionize it on any large scale; and the generally low pay may make any demands beyond immediate economic benefits seem superfluous. Nonetheless, at least two factors are relevant.

First, privately employed blue-collar service workers are often to be found in economically marginal enterprises, or in nonprofit institutions such as hospitals and universities. The result, often, is greater than normal management hostility to union activity. The small entrepreneur fears going out of business; the nonprofit institution, operating on a relatively limited budget, fears sacrificing "more important" programs to the wage demands of the low-skilled service staff. At the same time, the operation of the institution may be much less impersonal than that of a large corporation or government office. The worker in the small, economically marginal shop feels himself not much different from the boss; or he feels himself part of the community directly affected by the education, health care, etc., provided by the nonprofit institution.

Second, much of the organizing done in these situations in recent years has been undertaken not by established unions (which are perhaps discouraged by the difficulties) but by independent radical groups. Students on a number of campuses have attempted to organize nonprofessional university employees. Radicals in several cities have initiated hospital-worker organizing projects. Independent unions—such as New York's Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Union—find that low-paid service jobs are wide open for organizing drives.

Put together, these two situations raise at least the possibility of demands for workers' control. On the one hand, the workers can often see immediate benefits from having a say in the operation of their work place. On the other hand, radical organizers can consciously undertake to put forward such demands. For example, the independent Canadian Union of Public Employees began to organize the nonprofessional staff of the University of Toronto. They then proposed a complete restructuring of the governance of the university, including participation by the service workers; and they proposed that the university's doors be open to all its employees and their children. Similar demands have been made by insurgent hospital unions with roots in their local communities: not only should they (and the community) have a say in running health-care facilities; the facilities themselves should be open for the benefit of all.

White-collar service workers may provide a particularly fertile ground for worker-contol organizing. As a group, they have grown the fastest of any occupational sector of the economy. They have the highest educational level of the work force, and the highest overall pay.

One would therefore expect this group to be the most concerned with questions of working conditions, job description, nature of the "product," and other such issues which are directly raised by the demand for workers' control. In Europe technicians and highly skilled workers appear to have taken the lead in such matters. During the May events, French technicians led the occupation of factories and raised demands for workers' control. Researchers in Naples occupied a laboratory, demanding full worker participation in its operation. Journalists on the staffs of *Der Stern* in Germany, *Le Monde* and *Le Figaro* in France have recently instituted staff participation in the management and editorial policies of their newspapers.

In the United States and Canada, young academics and professionals seem to have served notice that workers' control is a real issue for many white-collar workers. Radical caucuses and organizations of doctors, lawyers, architects, city planners, social workers, economists, social scientists generally, professors, teaching assistants and scientists have sprung up during recent years. The demands of these organizations have been for different kinds of work, for restructuring the institutions which employ their members, for participation in decisions about policy. Sociologist Martin Oppenheimer describes this growth of radical caucuses and organizations:

> The caucus movement, like traditional trade unions, is organized both horizontally, as in the campus chapters of the New University Conference, and vertically, in professional organizations of sociologists, for example. It differs from trade unionism in that the caucuses question the nature of the product and the structure of the job, rather than being concerned solely with wages and working conditions. By "nature of product" is meant *what* is produced—whether a commodity, a service, an input of information, education, training, or an idea. By

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"structure of job" is meant the basic issue of decision-making. The caucuses are united in seeking more participative structures. In Europe, demands for "worker participation" are now accepted by trade unions as equally valid as demands for better wages. Not so in the mainstream of trade unionism in the United States. But by questioning the nature of the product—in a sense, the ultimate decision governing the workplace—the American caucuses move beyond the European working-class movement.

Even beyond this narrow sector, there have been signs of similar activity among other white-collar service workers. Employees of a small computer-programming company in the Boston area organized a union in opposition to the hierarchical operation of the company. Media workers here and there in Canada and the United States have organized to demand control over some portion of their enterprise's air time or printed space. The possibilities for organizing such workers may be even better in this context than in the context of traditional union goals.

A special but critical case of the growth of service workers in the North American economy is that of government employees. As noted above, this is the fastest growing employment sector in the U.S. economy: today some 12.5 million Americans work for their government —that is more than the total number of blacks in the labor force. Again, white-collar and clerical workers predominate, and pay scales tend to be comparatively high.

Unionization among government employees has mushroomed in the last decade. Teachers' strikes are by now familiar to every major American city. U.S. postal employees shut down the mails for several days in 1969; Canadian postal workers carried on a three-month rotating strike and slowdown in 1970. Sanitation men, transit workers, even police and firemen have gone on strike in New York, Chicago, Montreal and elsewhere.

Though most of these strikes have been over wages, issues of workers' control have appeared in a number of cases. Teachers demand control over size of classroom, school policies and hiring practices; police demand the right to "run their own affairs." Young professionals working in social welfare agencies or departments demand a say in organizational policies. [See "New Concept of Unionism: The Wayne Kennedy Case" by Staughton Lynd, *The Nation*, January 24.] Many of the points relevant to privately employed white-collar workers are applicable to their publicly employed counterparts. They are a growing sector, relatively well paid and well educated, and likely to be concerned about the quality and social implications of their work. Where political organizing does occur, demands for workers' control may be able to take firm root.

Strategic Issues: Workers, Community, Unions

The problem of government employees, however, presents in microcosm a larger strategic problem. When the residents of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville area in New York demanded control of their schools, the most vigorous opponent of the scheme was not the Board of Education nor any governmental body but the teachers' union. To many teachers, community control meant loss of whatever "workers' control"—particularly job security—they had been able to establish through their union. (And, of course, it directly threatened the power of the union leadership.) Similarly, police in big cities demand "workers' control" in the form of Police Department autonomy from civilian review. The result, again, is a conflict between workers and their demands on the one hand and the community on the other. Sanitation workers or transit employees can exercise a form of workers' control through strikes and similar actions; but the community foots the bill, either by accepting reduced services or by paying higher wages (financed through an inequitable tax structure).

In some cases, "workers" and "community" demands have happened to coincide, or to reinforce each other. Social workers seeking a voice in the operation of their department—as with the Social Welfare Workers' Movement—are doing so in order to work with, not against, protesting welfare mothers. Junior-level city planners, when demanding more say in the application of urban-renewal plans, insist upon a similar voice for the affected communities. When hospital workers and medical personnel organize for greater control over health-care facilities, they often find allies in the community, and set a goal of joint worker-community control. But the strategic problem remains, for wherever workers' interests and community interests appear to diverge, the alliance can degenerate into the kind of conflict typified by Ocean Hill-Brownsville.

Nor is the problem limited, in theory, to the government sector. One of the far-reaching developments of the past decade has been the movement for community control of economic development. As poor communities began to understand their political strength, they became increasingly aware of their dependence on the good or ill will of the large corporations and other economic interests which governed their areas. In response, nearly a hundred U.S. communities have developed a vehicle for local control of the economy, the community development corporation (CDC). The CDC, though it takes many forms—some, at this stage, no better than any private corporation—is based on the principle that the community as a whole should own and control the economic enterprises within its borders, and use the profits to provide local community services. Although most CDCs are just getting off the ground—and only beginning to develop real forms of community participation—they clearly indicate the potential of community control movements, as much as workers' control movements, to move in the direction of a Socialist vision. But where do the two movements intersect?

The issue need not be tied to the often problematic experience of existing CDCs. Wherever a community attempts to assert control of its economic institutions—by developing cooperatives, by opposing plant shutdowns, by setting up municipal enterprises, or whatever—there is the chance that community and workers will come into conflict. In Israel, the trade union federation (Histadrut) owns and operates its own businesses. But except for a small, cooperatively run sector of this "labor economy," the firms operate much like other capitalist enterprises. To be sure, the profits go to the federation, but in the absence of a mechanism for *community* control, there is no way

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that community interest in the production process can be asserted. The contrast with the kibbutz is evident.

To put the problem thus is only to rephrase the historical divergence between syndicalism and socialism. There is no structural incentive for a system of pure workers' management to avoid some of the competition, profiteering and social exploitation of our present system; for even if producers are federated regionally and nationally, no allowance is made for the expression of social interests in production (e.g., an end to pollution) as distinct from workers' interests per se.

In the long run, the solution will be to develop a vision of worker self-management joined to community self-government (including some level of community participation in economic decisions). In the short run, the problem is less pressing, and may be as much a question of tactics as of ultimate program. Factory workers, the unemployed and community residents have a common interest in controlling the corporations which govern their economic lives. In Seattle, organizers have made headway both with workers at the huge Boeing plant and with community residents to demand that Boeing convert to peacetime operation. And in the public sector, taking education as an example, the problem is to develop models of joint teacher-community control—as against the downtown bureaucracy. Teachers, parents and students all have a common interest in better educational environments, and

if they disagree on what specifically those environments should be, all can agree at least on the need for a democratic forum to determine them. But unless such common interest—and joint organizing—is carefully developed, "workers" and "community" may time and again find themselves in opposition.

Another strategic problem which arises with demands for workers' control is what the unions' role should be. At this point, no pat answers are possible for North America. On the Continent, André Gorz and others have argued that workers' control movements must operate outside the union structure: arising spontaneously, demanding complete control of the work place, and refusing to compromise with management (the union can then go in and pick up the pieces). The experience of the English workers' control movement has been quite different. There the shop stewards' movement and a number of the larger unions have provided vehicles for organizing workers' control. In the United States, demands for workers' control may arise either inside or outside unions. The teachers' union has in some areas demanded that faculty senates be made responsible for running the schools; but a revolutionary union movement like the League of Revolutionary Black Workers has found it necessary to work outside the structure of the UAW (and indeed in opposition to it).

One can imagine a range of tactical alternatives. Working through the union may mean simply extending collective bargaining to new areas—for example, product-pricing policies—without challenging the union's structure and function. Or, more likely, union-based workers' control demands can arise through a rank-and-file caucus, either local or national. In Canada, a reform caucus (though without a rank-and-file base) was instrumental in causing the Canadian Labour Congress to support "industrial democracy." And one can imagine that local caucuses might arise in any number of issues—health and safety, for example—when the union leadership fails to protect workers' interests. Finally, some form of nonunion worker organization may at times be necessary: an insurgent union to replace the old; a "workers' council" which remains separate from the union; or an extra-union political organization (such as the League of Revolutionary Black Workers). Even where no union exists, workers struggling for more control will face the problem of either forming a union or working entirely outside traditional labor structures.

Choice of tactics can never be dictated in advance, but at least two theoretical issues are relevant to the decision. First, what is the role of the union in capitalist society? Many activists argue that it can never present a challenge to the social order, primarily because its major function (getting better contracts through collective bargaining) depends on maintaining that order. A union struggling for workers' control—and thus for a radical redistribution of economic power—would, in this view, be a contradiction in terms. On the other hand, in the absence of a cataclysmic social collapse, there is need to consolidate gains at any given point and to institutionalize new centers of power. The unions of the AFL-CIO may have turned into supporters of the *status quo,* but the IWW—which never signed a contract—is no longer with us. The answer may be that the union requires constant revolutionizing from below, whether this takes the form of insurgent caucuses *or* nonunion workers' groups. Both unions and insurgency seem to be necessary: the strategy, as the saying goes, should "walk on two legs."

Second, ultimate goals will have implications for tactical choices. In a Socialist self-managed firm, the union does not necessarily become obsolete. In Yugoslavia, in addition to its educational role, the union expresses workers' interests on the regional and national levels. More generally, as Paul Blumberg points out, it may be to the best advantage of the workers to have more than one representative (much as the citizen is represented, say,

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by the city council and the school board). The union, in Blumberg's terms, can represent the worker as employee, the workers' council, his interest as producer. Translated into strategic terms, this suggests that the worker may very well want his traditional interests looked after by the established union, while he fights for new gains through caucus, council or whatever.

Unions, then, may serve as powerful allies or vehicles for insurgent workers' control movements—or they may be so entrenched as to fight local insurgency tooth and nail, much as the labor-based Communist parties of France and (to a lesser degree) Italy have attempted to quell most non-"official" labor uprisings, and as many North American unions do as a matter of course. The decision as to tactics will depend on the local situation, the union, and above all the attitude of workers toward the union.

One thing seems evident: in each of the settings —industrial, service, white-collar, governmental—the notion of workers' control will take on a different strategic meaning. In a large factory, it might initially take the form of workers' councils setting standards and enforcement procedures for, say, health and safety regulations. In a public school, it might first mean teachers' control of curriculum and methods. The *potential* of workers' control is that it provides a vision through which the specific demand can move to the general: demands for a say about working conditions or organizational policy can point toward the ultimate goal of popular control over the economic system.

That, in the end, must be what today's radical movements are about. Our ability to liberate ourselves and our society will depend on our ability to involve people in actively controlling their own lives—in building new forms of decentralized participatory democracy which can govern our society and its institutions in a way that meets people's needs. A decent society requires that equality, cooperation and community be built into the system: and this in turn requires that self-management and self-government permeate our institutions from the bottom up.

In Noam Chomsky's words:

> If the present wave of repression can be beaten back, and if the left can overcome its more suicidal tendencies and build upon what has been accomplished in the past decade, then the problem of how to organize industrial society on truly democratic lines, with democratic control in the workplace and in the community, should become a dominant intellectual issue for those who are alive to the problems of contemporary society, and, if a mass movement for libertarian socialism develops, speculation should proceed to action.

Building a movement for workers' control is one critical step in this long, difficult but all-important struggle. □

SCHOOL DESEGREGATION

NORTH CAROLINA OVER THE HUMP

NAOMI MYLES
Ms. Myles is an editorial assistant on The Charlotte *(N.C.)* Observer *and a contributor to* South Today, *a publication of the Southern Regional Council.*

Charlotte

In 1954, four courageous black children desegregated the all-white public schools of Charlotte, N.C., while an alarmed state legislature considered what action it should take. A group of bills put before it by a Rocky Mount attorney, Tom Pearsall, paved the way for closing any school where desegregation became intolerable to its community, and offering the alternative of tuition grants to whites who switched to private schools. The "Pearsall Plan," though enacted into law, was not widely used. It had the effect, rather, of defusing the tense situation, and was finally removed from the books last spring.

Early in the fall of 1971, Tom Pearsall's son Mac, when the citizens of Rocky Mount were again poised to flee the public schools because of massive cross-town bussing, rallied the town to support the public schools. He organized a group called "Confidence in Public Schools," believing that, if responsible citizens leave the public schools, "regardless of rhetoric, gut interest in public schools goes with them."

CIPS, as Pearsall calls it, neither supports nor opposes bussing; it wants a good strong public school system designed to assure everyone that Rocky Mount's public schools are not only here to stay, but that they will be upgraded to merit the "All America City" award that Rocky Mount has received.

Thus the high drama of those early days has given way to today's resigned attitude to mass bussing and desegregation. Faced with the necessity to desegregate the schools now, by all necessary means, North Carolina's schools have set about the task with varying degrees of enthusiasm. In some cities, where the letter rather than the spirit of the law was observed, the early months of school in the fall of 1971 were troubled by disruptions and violence. In others, desegregation was effected without incident and even with notable success.

The state's 152 school systems were prepared through seminars and workshops to cope with the challenge, but disgruntled elements were not sufficiently convinced that peace in the schools was vital. By December of 1971, taking alarm for the educational program, Gov. Bob Scott named a ninety-member citizen task force to explore further means of wiping out fear and unrest in the schools. The group was charged with a threefold task: to determine the causes of disruptive student behavior; to develop a comprehensive plan for eliminating the causes of disrup-

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tion; and to mobilize broad public support for the schools.

Response to the task force was strong, reflecting citizen commitment to public education. Scott asked the committee to avoid a punitive approach to restoring order in the schools, and attempted to allay the black community's suspicion that the citizen's group would be a tool for repressing black students. The Governor emphasized North Carolina's dedication to quality education, a dedication that goes back to Gov. Charles B. Aycock at the turn of the century, and which every subsequent Governor has felt compelled to endorse.

Objectively, North Carolina has performed rather poorly, despite its asserted devotion to education. After seventy years, it lacks a statewide system of public kindergartens. Schools receive inadequate funds at the state level as well as, with some exceptions, at the local level. Teacher training falls short of national norms; school districts are fragmented; schools are small; teacher salaries are below national averages; class loads are large; and there are too few teacher aides and other personnel.

Last spring, McNeill Smith, a state legislator from Greensboro, raised the question of the poor showing made by North Carolina students in U.S. Army tests. Smith stated that draftees from the state rank 47th in the nation. And despite the long history of dual school systems, local black and white draftees tested only 1 per cent apart. All this despite the fact that 70 per cent of the state's general fund goes to education.

North Carolina has been tied historically to dependence on a low-paying farm and textile economy, recently supplemented by federally funded experimental programs. The results of penny-pinching on the state and local levels were predictable. Everything suffered: repairs to busses were delayed and new busses weren't bought; kindergartens weren't started; buildings were inadequately maintained and repaired; salaries remained low. Much of the allocation of funds is dictated by federal and state governments, preventing the use of discretion by local boards on how money is spent.

The administration of the schools is largely in the hands of local people. School boards, which must formulate educational policy, often know little of educational theory or modern innovative programs. A superintendent must not push too far ahead of his board, which often takes a dim view of professional educators. School boards are on the defensive; they carry the double burden of satisfying the courts and HEW while bearing the brunt of public hostility to desegregation.

The school population of almost 1.25 million has been nearly constant for the past four years, with the influx of population from other states offset both by out-migration of blacks to Northern cities and by some white flight to private schools. But the state sets great store by its system of public schools, and hopes that upgrading education will go a long way to alleviate regional problems such as low wages, lack of industry, technological backwardness, illiteracy, health and nutritional deficiencies.

The effort to assure a peaceful changeover to a unitary school system goes back to 1968, when the Human Relations Division was created under the Department of Public Instruction, to assist local schools in setting up machinery for dealing with unrest, and to conduct workshops for school counselors, principals and community people, as well as students. A sixteen-member committee of high school students has also attempted to heal divisions between black and white students and adults.

The Human Relations Division and the student committee are trying to insure student participation in school affairs and to bridge the generation gap as well. Robert Strother, state human relations director, pointed out that nearly every racial disruption that occurred in North Caro-

Huffaker, News & Observer (Raleigh)

"Let Us Make One Thing Perfectly Clear—We're Probably Against It But We're Not Sure!"

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lina schools last year could have been "stopped at some point by a teacher, counselor or principal." But more than lack of sensitivity causes most of the unrest. The N.C. Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission predicted a year ago that disruptions should be expected, because it had received complaints that blacks were being systematically discriminated against within the schools themselves. The advisory committee, headed by a white Baptist minister, heard complaints that schools were using ability groupings to separate the races, that sometimes black students had to struggle to get into academic or advanced classes, that black teachers lost jobs and privileges when faculties were merged, that only black students were sometimes tested for mental retardation. Even Dr. Craig Phillips, superintendent of public instruction, conceded that local boards of education consistently chose white administrators in the transition to unitary school systems.

It has been found that disruptions are more likely to occur when the white-to-black ratio within a school swings from 70-30 to the halfway mark. School unrest is contagious; disruptions in one school often trigger outbursts in another school; disruptions in one school system trigger outbursts in a neighboring system. Trouble spots, however, are surprisingly few. A recent survey shows that since 1969, 122 of the state's 152 systems have had no problems of student violence.

Aside from the obvious causes of school unrest—racial bias, harsh treatment for minor infractions, the stress of strange surroundings and complicated schedules—the overcrowding in the schools would itself be enough to produce tension. Under the dual system, many schools were inconveniently located. Now, former black schools are sometimes underutilized or closed down altogether to avoid bussing whites into the inner city.

Teachers bear the added burden of having to monitor students closely, even at the high school level—a duty which would have been unthinkable a few years ago. Needless to say, the students sense the teachers' uncertainty, which the more alienated are moved to challenge. In Charlotte, school bonds voted in 1967 are running out, and despite the school board's reluctance, another bond referendum this year appears to be unavoidable.

However, despite the flare-ups of violence and the general impression that North Carolinians are stubbornly resisting change, the state is "over the hump" in desegregating the schools. In each successful case, leadership and initiative have come from somewhere: from school boards, school administrators, civic leaders, parents—even students.

In Charlotte-Mecklenburg last year, 4,000 parents participated in a tutorial program to help students who had fallen behind in their work; many parents volunteered to drive busses; black and white parents are PTA co-chairmen.

Malcolm Brown, superintendent of the Shelby schools, says the school board "accepted the fact that it was the law of the land and then spent their time working in a positive way to achieve it, instead of trying to get around it." In Raleigh, the state capital, despite school board reluctance, a series of simple actions, such as bussing parents from low-income neighborhoods to PTA meetings, has helped to make desegregation and bussing acceptable. In the city of Durham, with a 60 per cent black enrollment, whites ride from middle-class suburbs to formerly black inner city schools with a minimum of fuss.

An individual school's reputation for racial harmony can often be traced back to a principal—black or white—who maintains communication with students, giving the young people wide latitude to express themselves and to pursue their individual academic interests. Ashbrook High School, in Gastonia, adopted a "ward" system, guaranteeing minority representation for cheerleaders and student government. The ensuing harmony has become so strong that the "ward" system is thought to be no longer necessary and is now being dismantled. In city after city, local leaders reaffirmed their support of the public school system and lent their weight to assignment plans involving zoning, pairing and clustering, and mass bussing.

As the mood of the state turns from defiance to reluctance, and now to resignation, fresh concern with academic standards is coming to the fore. The problems of educationally deprived pupils are being faced, and solutions are sought.

Dr. Phillips has said, "We believe that the best public school education in the future is going to take place in some kind of heterogeneous setting. We start from two premises—that in today's society an integrated education is best for young people, and, furthermore, that today there is more good education going on in the state than five years ago."

Bearing him out is a recently published study by two North Carolina professors. The two—a sociologist at N.C. Central University at Durham, and an associate professor of city and regional planning at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill—spent the 1970-71 school year studying the "social and educational impact" of school desegregation in a majority black North Carolina school district.

They found that, "in contrast to dire predictions, desegregation seems to be accompanied by an increase in the quality of education," which they ascribe to the shake-up of the system and the new teaching methods needed to meet the challenge of integrated classrooms.

And during all the furor over desegregation and bussing, some exciting ventures in education have been going on, especially in the smaller school systems. In fact, North Carolina open classroom programs are considered among the most advanced in the nation.

For example, the East Harper Elementary School in Lenoir, where a pilot kindergarten program was set up in 1969, was converted into a demonstration K-3 (kindergarten through 3rd grade) school using new forms. Multi-age grouping (kindergarten and 1st graders together); teachers who direct learning activities rather than dispense knowledge; individual achievement for each child; and an absence of desks, grades, report cards and repetitious drill—all these are in use.

In the small Franklin and Pilot Mountain schools, non-supporting walls have been torn out of buildings, to permit team teaching and individualized instruction. Using funds under Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, students are encouraged to take the whole out-

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doors, including problem sewage systems, as a classroom. Individual arts programs are emphasized, even in the elementary grades which have for so long been removed from real-life situations. And slowly but surely the state is gearing up to get more public kindergartens. As parents become convinced that successful learning must start early, pressure on the state legislature will inevitably produce the necessary funds.

Perhaps the most hopeful result of the deep changes in North Carolina's public school system has been that parents are becoming involved in their children's education. That involvement, while it produces many disruptive lay "experts," also alerts many parents and teachers to new and desirable approaches to education. In the long run, by getting acquainted with their children's schools, the parents may revitalize education. □

WIND OF REVOLT

FRANCE'S FED-UP STUDENTS

DAN ROSEN
Mr. Rosen is a free-lance writer, specializing in European and Latin American developments, whose work has appeared in The National Observer, Sales Management *and elsewhere.*

Paris

We spoke in the squat university restaurant on the starkly modern campus at Nanterre. The girl was Janny Larquey, a dark-eyed English major from Maisons-Laffitte. She cringed as she recalled that it was here, during the worst of several student riots in the past two years, that she and her classmates hid under the dining tables as French police fired tear-gas grenades through the windows.

"Our teachers said things would be different," she complained bitterly to me. "After May 1968, they told us, 'Wait until things settle down.' Then they said, 'Wait until de Gaulle is gone.' Well, the May events were nearly four years ago and de Gaulle is in his grave and we're still waiting. A lot of us," she noted, "are just tired of waiting."

Nanterre is calm for the moment, but no one can predict how long it will stay that way. Student disorders have almost become a way of life in post-de Gaulle France, and evidence is mounting that the government fast approaches a reckoning. The students I talked with are, like Janny Larquey, disillusioned, rebellious and confused. A new word has entered their vocabulary: "*rabol.*" It is a contraction of the French slang expression, "*ras-de-bol,*" and it means "fed up to the back teeth."

In 1971, the disorders spread from the universities to the *lycées,* the academic secondary schools that offer the equivalent of an American high school education, plus the first two years of college. The locations of the *contestations* have been almost as varied as the issues which have set them off. The first was in Paris, where 10,000 *lycéens* demonstrated to protest the arrest of a student named Gilles Guiot. Then a riot was sparked in Caen, when a policeman searched a *lycéen*'s personal effects. The same thing happened in La Rochelle when a student was roughed up by police. Students at Lycée Vaucanson in Grenoble went on strike to protest decrepit boarding facilities, and 400 students at the Collège Technique Sarrailh in Besançon walked out to protest overcrowded classrooms.

The *contestations* and *manifestations* move across the country like a rolling wave: back to Paris, where the *lycéens* struck to protest the expulsion of three students at Lycée Montagne, then on to Cahors and Poitiers. At one point, the government closed fifteen *lycées* simultaneously, including the Jean Baptiste Say in Paris' plush sixteenth *arrondissement*, because of student disorders.

President Georges Pompidou set the tone for the government's response last March, when he told education officials, "Do not hesitate to be firm; the students will thank us later. We must re-establish, without delay, the discipline necessary for the proper functioning of studies." If the French Chief of State thus considers student unrest as basically a police matter, he has many allies who share his view. Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin, the man most responsible for carrying out the government's counterattack, was first to respond to the President's call to "make all arrangements to put an end to public violence."

He immediately chose Jacques Lenoir, a strong "law and order" man, to succeed the more moderate Maurice Grimaud as prefect of police for the Paris district. Asked to comment on the significance of this appointment, Marcellin confirmed that it was the beginning of a new hard-line policy. "Both the President of the Republic and I myself desire such a hardening," he stated. Since then, depending on which side of the political spectrum you're talking to, Marcellin has become the most popular or the most cordially hated minister in the Pompidou cabinet.

The riot police move nightly now on Marcellin's orders, fanning out from their headquarters near the Sorbonne to strategic intersections throughout the student district on the Left Bank. Others patrol college campuses, while army troops mount a double guard around President Pompidou's Elysée Palace home. Several left-wing newspapers have been banned, and rumors are current that Marcellin plans a wholesale roundup of "left-wing agitators."

Marcellin, a short, balding man of 57 who keeps a dozen identical dark blue suits in his wardrobe at home and a meticulously clean desk top in his office on Place Beauvais, is convinced that his cause is just. "History teaches us that there is no alternative," he intones. "We must conquer the revolutionaries or disappear." The words seem familiar. So does the explanation offered by

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National Education Minister Olivier Guichard, a close friend of the President: "This wind of revolt in our schools," he recently declared, "was originated by a handful of left-wing agitators."

The assessment may seem plausible to some, but it clashes with easily discernible facts. A student at the University of Grenoble described the situation to me succinctly: "The leftists have no real leaders and they fight without any unity. The only people who seem sure of themselves are in the government, and we really don't know what's on their minds."

The leadership made famous during the student disorders and general strike of 1968 is gone and there is no one of their stature to replace them. Daniel Cohn-Bendit is back in his native Germany, and is held in disrepute by students because they're convinced he's "gone bourgeois." Alain Geismar, once president of the university professors' union, was sent to prison for "crimes against the state." Jacques Sauvageot, the strikingly handsome art student who led the national students' union during the May events, has just got out of the army. He told a reporter who spoke to him on his rented yacht in Corsica last summer that he "wasn't interested in politics any more."

What is left is an alphabet soup of conflicting "little groups." The list, which changes from month to month, should cause any older American radical to remember his splinter group days during the McCarthy era. The campus at Nanterre is fairly typical. During my last visit, I counted three different kinds of Maoist groups, four different Trotskyist groups, two groups from the extreme Right, one "moderate" group, and three that considered themselves "traditional left-wing" types. I really can't count the anarchists I spoke to, since they claim to be disorganized by definition.

The French, unfortunately, have a habit of failing to see the obvious. It took their historians 100 years to concede that the 1789 Revolution was indeed spontaneous, and General Gamelin was insisting that the Ardennes Forest was "impassable" even as the German tank divisions were breaking through to Dunkirk.

The current problem actually lies in the education system itself. For all of their noise and disruption, the "little groups" have not caused French student unrest; they are but one result of something far more serious.

Access to the state-run universities of France is almost a basic right. Entrance requirements for mathematics and science students are fairly stringent, but anyone who passes the relatively easy *baccalauréat* examination when he graduates from a *lycée* can register for a liberal arts degree at state expense. This embodiment of the French democratic ideal is admirable, but in the late 1960s it collided with the realities of French society. That was when France had its baby boom, and the children of World War II ex-prisoners jammed into the classrooms by the tens of thousands. They overwhelmed a system that was really geared to providing culture to the rich.

Career counseling was unheard of at the secondary level, and job placement centers were as unknown at the college level. French companies seldom thought to recruit on campus, and the government kept no record of how its graduates were doing on the job market. Incredible as it may seem, there wasn't a single university business school in the entire country until the mid-1960s.

What happened to French students who had prepared themselves in fields for which there was no demand? "*Ils se débrouillent*," the dean of a large university told me—"they make out." The term, incidentally, is also applied to bureaucrats who manage to find another paste pot, though they've gone over their office budgets.

May 1968 was supposed to have changed all of that. Even Pompidou, then Prime Minister, was inspired in a rare moment of forward-mindedness to admit that "The old university as we knew it is dead and will have to be completely rebuilt."

Edgar Faure, a brilliant, highly respected former Premier, was appointed National Education Minister and given a mandate to reform the entire system. He made a diligent effort toward that end, but was replaced by the more conservative Olivier Guichard when Pompidou became President in 1969.

To be fair, one must admit that some changes have been made. New classrooms have been built to ease the crowding; teaching is no longer quite the sinecure it once was, and "Management Councils" have been established to provide some semblance of student participation in university affairs.

But the main issue has not been touched: what is to become of tens of thousands of students who are still studying in fields for which there is no demand? It is no accident that almost all of the hard-core "enraged ones"

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are in the liberal arts departments, for it is here that they and their more moderate fellow classmates have most to be "enraged" about. The future is black for most of them. "I frankly don't know where all our sociologists, philosophers and language students will go," says a concerned official at Grenoble University. "There are no openings for them, yet they keep coming in ever greater numbers."

They keep coming, in part, because there is no way that a *lycéen* can relate his choice of university study to future job opportunities. The government still provides no counseling of this sort, and any control over course selection is regarded as heresy.

No one knows how many liberal arts graduates fail to find jobs, because the French Government doesn't keep employment statistics of that sort. "There must be literally thousands of liberal arts graduates without jobs," says a dean at one university. "Here at Aix we have 12,000 students studying for liberal arts degrees, compared with 6,000 undergoing some sort of scientific training. No more than one-sixth of our liberal arts graduates can hope to get teaching jobs; what happens to the rest of them is a mystery."

Few can hope to land top jobs in government or industry, for these are reserved almost exclusively for the graduates of the Grandes Ecoles. These are a small group of highly selective schools, specifically designed to provide the state with its future elite. Unlike the universities, where admission is open to anyone who can pass the *baccalauréat* examination, admission to the Grandes Ecoles requires a career of special preparation that must begin when a child is 11.

In theory, at least, the idea of a group of "super schools," open to anyone who is smart enough to get in, is fairly democratic. In practice, the Grandes Ecoles operate in the best Napoleonic tradition of education for the elite. Their total enrollment is 10,000, compared with 650,000 students in the regular universities. A study taken in 1962 revealed that 62 per cent of the Grandes Ecoles graduates came from upper-class backgrounds, and there is nothing to indicate that this percentage has changed. The same study indicated that only 12 per cent of the Grandes Ecoles students were the children of farmers, workers or foremen, although these three groups represent more than half of the general population.

There are exceptions, of course, and President Pompidou happens to be one of them. "For Pompidou," I was told by a man who knows him well, "the proof of French democracy is his own achievement. The fact that a village schoolteacher's son could attend a Grande Ecole and then become President of the Republic is proof to him that the system is really working."

Whether or not the French education system is "really working" is, of course, the point at issue in the streets and on the campuses. There's little question that it is greatly resented by growing numbers of talented university students. "French society is a pyramid," says Dr. Jean-Paul Vermès, a Ph.D. in chemistry who is working for his M.B.A. at Columbia University, "and the Grandes Ecoles graduates are at the top. They block advancement for other men, and for no other reason than that they have been born to the best positions."

The Grandes Ecoles graduates have also never before been so important a prop to the French *status quo*. Speaking at a dedication ceremony, President Pompidou put it thus: "At a time when our old university is seeking amidst the fever to find its equilibrium again, our Grandes Ecoles remain the most solid stronghold for the preparation of national leaders, faithful to a past that they do not negate."

The sentiments are lofty, but they are put somewhat more cynically by a senior adviser to Prime Minister Chaban-Delmas: "Life must go on," he airily confides. "It's obvious that if there were to be sweeping reforms in the education system they would kill the Grandes Ecoles, but for the next few years we need these schools. If the Grandes Ecoles did not exist, the government would have to be far more repressive as far as student agitation is concerned. As things now stand, we can afford to let the students play."

The comment sounds vaguely reminiscent of Marie Antionette. Estimates are that the numbers of unemployed university graduates will reach crisis proportions in less than three years, and the current worldwide recession may easily cut that time in half. At the same time, there will be nearly a million students in the French university system—almost double the present enrollment.

All the signs indicate that France is heading pell-mell toward a major explosion, one that may prove far more serious than the uprisings of 1968.

There is little hope for a substantive reversal in government policy. A recent poll indicated that France's rural and provincial majority approves of the current hard-line approach. On the other hand, the traditional opposition parties are fragmented and disorganized, and no one with a strong political base has come forward to challenge the Gaullists with meaningful alternatives. A coalition of moderate and left-wing parties is always a possibility, but the strength of this potential alliance could not be tested until the 1973 legislative elections. In any case, President Pompidou's term of office does not expire until 1976.

On the surface, at least, the outcome of a major student uprising appears to be one-sided. Interior Minister Marcellin has direct control over the 95,000 police of the Sûreté Nationale, and about one-third of this force is assigned to anti-riot duties. In Paris, that includes six permanent units of the Intervention Brigades and at least 10,000 troops of the Republican Security Companies (CRS). The CRS, in their black leather midi-coats, riot helmets and battle shields, are among the best trained and best equipped anti-riot police in the world. They also have a reputation for exceptional ruthlessness: the walls of Paris are covered with the inscription "CRS=SS."

This force may well succeed without at the same time plunging the country into civil war, but it also may do so at the price of turning the French universities and *lycées* into a network of highly sophisticated reform schools. The cost may be even higher. Should a student uprising be accompanied, as was the case in 1968, by another general strike, it will in all likelihood mean the end of the Fifth Republic.

France, in such times of stress, has always turned to a "man on a white horse." The horse it must be added, has always entered from stage right. □

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PATENT PAYOLA

IRENE TILL
Ms. Till is an economist with the Corporate Accountability Research Group, a Ralph Nader organization. Earlier, she worked on patent problems with the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, the Federal Trade Commission and the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee. She assisted Sen. Estes Kefauver in the preparation of his book, In a Few Hands: Monopoly Power in America.

The country's large corporations are about to benefit from a new giveaway policy of the Nixon Administration. Government-owned patents, once freely licensed to enhance competition in the marketplace, will now be subject to exclusive licensing. American taxpayers, who put up the money for government research, will then pay monopoly prices for new developments in drugs and medical equipment, agricultural production and processing, in the handling of energy sources, and the like.

The federal government is spending at present about $16 billion a year on research and development. Much of this money goes into private contracts or grants. In most instances title to any ensuing inventions has customarily been assigned to the large corporations that do the bulk of the work. However, a substantial segment of R&D funds—more than $4 billion a year—is spent on in-house research by government agencies or on contractual arrangements with private parties under which the government takes title. By established policy, patents developed in this area have been widely licensed on a nonexclusive, royalty-free basis. The presumption has been that, since the public paid the original costs for the inventions, it was entitled to the benefits of competition in the marketing of the products.

President Nixon radically altered this policy last August, when he issued a Memorandum on Government Patent Policy. Addressed to the "Heads of Executive Departments and Agencies," it stated that government-owned patents could be subject to *exclusive* licenses under regulations to be established by the administrator of General Services. The GSA is now circulating "proposed regulations" throughout the federal government. Meanwhile, the departments and administrative agencies are making a vast collection of government-owned patents and patent applications ready for the grant of exclusive licenses. These include processes for producing dried whole milk, for making paper from cereal pulp, for sterilizing female mosquitoes, for new diagnostic tests and chemotherapeutic compounds, and for a variety of improvements in hospital medical equipment.

Pressure for the change in policy came from the Federal Council for Science and Technology, whose interdepartmental committees set up to evaulate government patent policies have been loaded with patent attorneys who work in government agencies. Not surprisingly, patent lawyers tend to adopt the same outlook, whether they work inside or outside of government; with few exceptions, they serve the larger corporations with which they are in frequent contact. The council's annual reports on this subject from 1965 to the present indicate that, from the outset, a basic aim has been to achieve exclusive licensing of government-owned inventions.

But the road was strewn with obstacles. As early as 1924, Attorney General (later Chief Justice) Harlan Stone took the position that exclusive licensing of government-owned patents constituted a disposition of federal property. The Constitution specifically provides that Congress has sole and exclusive power to "dispose of property belonging to the United States." In the late 1950s and the 1960s, many attempts were made to secure Congressional action on these patents. In testimony before committees of the Congress, officials of government agencies argued that exclusive licensing was necessary to encourage firms to market government inventions. However, when Sen. Russell Long asked for specific examples of useful inventions that had not been exploited, none could be cited. Indeed, representatives of the Department of Agriculture, the agency with the most extensive experience in nonexclusive licensing, stated that their inability to grant monopoly rights had been no barrier to commercial exploitation.

But in an era when the executive branch is ascendant, failure of the Congress to give authorization is no barrier to action. Corporate demands for exclusive licenses of government inventions now shifted to a more favorable environment. The Federal Council's Committee on Government Patent Policy used two ploys to overcome the hurdles. The first was to engage an outside "think tank" to study government patent policy. In May 1968, Harbridge House of Boston submitted its report. A complaint frequently made is that "think tank" reports are written in such jargon as to be almost unintelligible and that their conclusions are ambivalent. The Harbridge report was no exception. In any event, it played little role in decision making; fully a year earlier the policy of exclusive licensing had been drawn up by a working committee and was in process of being cleared.

A second ploy was to discount the Stone opinion on the ground that it had been "overruled" by a new opinion from the Department of Justice. When nothing on the subject could be found in the later published opinions of the Attorney General, Ralph Nader's Corporate Accountability Research Group asked the department for the relevant documents. Two internal memoranda, written in 1967, were supplied. Both were from Frank Wozencraft, head of the Office of Legal Counsel, to Donald Turner, in charge of the Antitrust Division. A basic premise in the documents was that exclusive licenses would be granted only after efforts to secure nonexclusive licenses had failed, and when a finding had been made that exclusivity was essential to promote utilization of the invention. On this basis, Wozencraft stated that, if the term of the exclusive license was less than the full term of the patent, it would "probably" be acceptable to the courts. Clearly, such a position could hardly be termed an "overruling" of the Stone opinion. The memoranda were further weakened by a covering letter from Richard McLaren, head of the Antitrust Division, which character-

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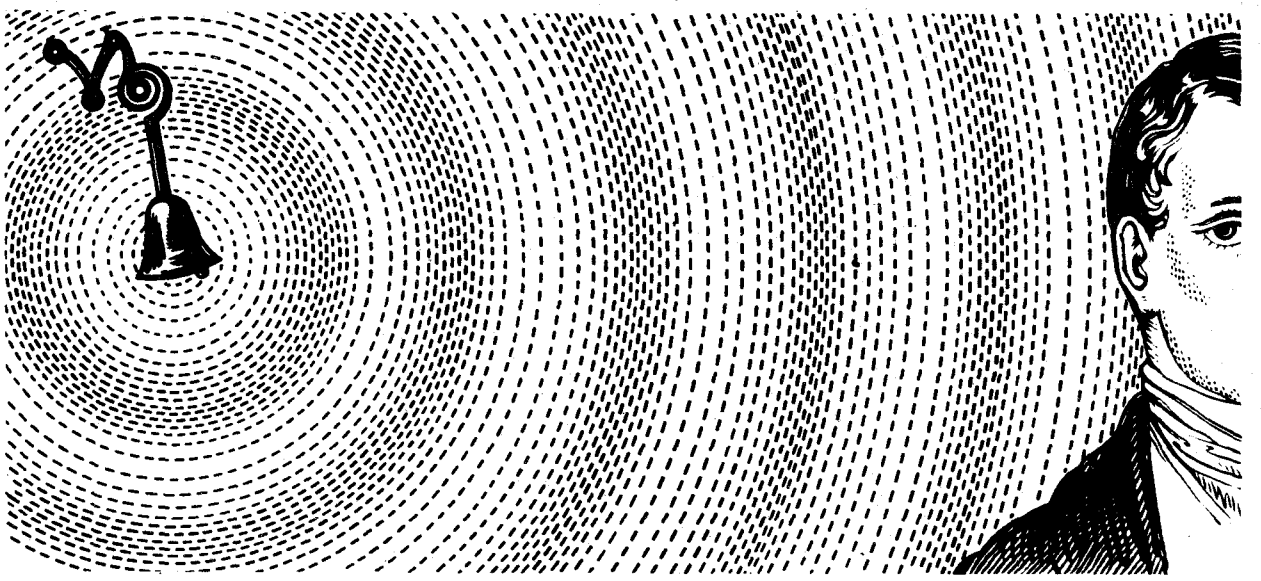

Hawthorne Books

ized them as merely "an expression of the view of the then head of the Office of Legal Counsel."

However, two agencies of the government were so eager to grant exclusive licenses to industry that they jumped the gun on the August pronouncement from the President. In April 1971, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare granted an exclusive license to CCI Corp., an aerospace conglomerate, on an invention which removes the impurities in the dialysate solution used in the operation of artificial kidney machines. This will save money by permitting reuse of the solution. The exclusive grant runs for six years starting October 1, 1971, and during that period the government agrees to disclose to the licensee all future improvements.

In this case, the company had received an NIH grant of $185,956 for the original reearch, with title to the invention later lodged in HEW. So close were the ties that had developed between officials of the company and of the government that the department ignored its basic policy of favoring nonexclusive licenses wherever possible. It also ignored the basic tenet of the Wozencraft memorandum. As soon as HEW's intent to grant an exclusive license on the invention was published in the *Federal Register* in May 1970, Baxter Laboratories had applied for a nonexclusive license. It was turned down.

A case from the Department of Agriculture is equally interesting. In the past, many important discoveries have come from the research laboratories of this agency; they include the process—developed in the early 1940s and still used—for mass production of penicillin, for manufacturing potato flakes and frozen orange juice, for preparing hog cholera antitoxin and a host of others. Small companies prospered under the department's policy of nonexclusive licensing, and the public benefited from price competition.

Early last August—just before the President's announcement—Agriculture published in the *Federal Register* its intention to grant exclusive, royalty-free licenses to Welch Foods and the Upjohn Co. The proposed license to Upjohn is of particular interest. Agriculture scientists had discovered in 1969 that, if a chemical called cycloheximide were sprayed on citrus trees, the fruit would fall to the ground when ripe. Almost immediately a corporate campaign began. The participants include Upjohn, the Florida Citrus Mutual (an organization of growers), the Florida Citrus Commission—all of which pointed out that HEW had just announced its intention of granting exclusive licenses on government-owned inventions. If so, it was asked, why shouldn't Agriculture change its regulations and give an exclusive to Upjohn? It happened that Upjohn has been marketing this chemical for years as a turf fungicide, and the original patent had expired. However, the Patent Office obligingly grants "use patents" on old compounds when a new use is discovered, and Agriculture had applied for this type of patent on cycloheximide.

The department promptly acted to change its regulations and later announced its intention to give an exclusive license to Upjohn for six years. Since the chemical may penetrate the fruit itself, Upjohn must provide animal and clinical testing data to the Food and Drug Administration in proof of safety before marketing. In the past, Agriculture had done such testing when required, and then granted nonexclusive licenses. Testing work is expensive, and FDA regards such data as the property of the company; it is not made available to others without the owner's permission. Without a similar period of exclusiveness to recoup the costs of duplicate testing which FDA requires, other firms will not enter the market. Accordingly, as the only company with FDA clearance, Upjohn will be able to perpetuate its monopoly far beyond the six-year period contemplated in the patent grant.

In September, the Nader group formally protested the grant of exclusive licenses by the Department of Agriculture, on the ground that such action constituted disposal of government property and required prior authorization by the Congress. In December, it asked the Department of Justice for a written clarification of its current position. No replies have been received from either agency. What is at issue here strikes directly at the pocketbooks of all consumers. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Death of Seferis

WILLIAM BURFORD

Mr. Burford's most recent book of poems was A Beginning *(W. W. Norton). Part I of this essay appeared in* The Nation *of February 7.*

The body, which in the beginning for Seferis was the body of a particular girl, and at the same time his own body desiring the other, and then through loss, through necessity, a kind of visionary body, "a distant eyelid lowered far away"—though not visionary as with Dante, not transferred to a hierarchic, higher world—turns into the body of all nature and this world, suffering the fate of its subjection to a destructive time and place, with intermittently an "Interlude of Joy," as one of Seferis' poems is titled.

and you could see pink limbs among
the black laurels
bodies of little children.
The whole morning long we were full
of joy;
the abyss a closed well.

But it is there, and it opens. When the lovers take refuge from the sudden rain in a hut, "the large eyes" of the woman open to see, apparently hung on the wall, one of those picture illustrations of Biblical events designed to warn the people, in this case "the angel practicing with a fiery sword" to drive Man and Woman out of Eden, and the colorful, joyful world they had possessed is blackened by the mental shadow the picture casts in the woman's eyes. Sartre's perception of the deepest meaning of our experience of a beloved human being confronts us in reading Seferis' poems. Love, Sartre says, "aims at laying hold of the world in its entirety through the woman." And we can add that the world in its entirety lays hold of the poet through his love of another human being, and can be stripped from him by the failure of love.

For Seferis the moment of reciprocal possession is succeeded as if inevitably by the moment of elusiveness and loss, so that the poignancy of possession is keenly intensified, or turns into the mystery of difference that is suggested by a line from Plato's *Alcibiades* that appears first in Seferis' poetry in the *Mythistorema* of 1935: "And if the soul is to know itself it is into a soul that it must look"—and then again, five years afterward, continuing to haunt him, in the *Book of Exercises*, appearing in 1940.

In the sea caves
there's a thirst there's a love
there's an ecstasy
all hard like shells
you can hold them in your palm.

In the sea caves
for whole days I gazed into your eyes
and I didn't know you nor did you
know me.

The last of Seferis' poems that we have are the *Three Secret Poems* published in Athens in 1966 and of which there are two English translations, the first by Paul Merchant in 1968 in an issue of *Modern Poetry in Translation*, the second by Walter Kaiser in a volume with the Greek on facing pages, published by Harvard University Press, 1969. I say last, though there may be further poems among Seferis' manuscripts and papers which he bequeathed in his will to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. It is clear, however, when we read *Three Secret Poems*, that Seferis is writing about his approaching death, and the death of all those memories, images, visions, poems that he has carried in his head and that now, with his body's end, "as he falls into the river of time," will have no further substance except that which, in a bitter thrust at the occupation of a lifetime, he has written on "the useless papers of the past" which now he is tempted to tear up, "abandon the book," in the face of the only reality, the physical, sensual life, "young amazons/ engaged in jumping and wrestling/ sweat in every furrow of their bodies," whom he distinguishes in a field of vision or perhaps an actual field within view of the poet's study. Or was it a memory from his first stay in London in 1931 when having gone again and again to see an El Greco in the National Gallery he would also have seen a painting by Degas, "The Young Spartans," adolescent girls and boys exercising naked in the field, inciting one another to contest. No matter what the literal source may have been, the erotic source was in Seferis himself.

Why *secret* poems? Seferis, from the beginning, from his first poems, imparts a sense of what Proust meant when he remarked that, "After all, poetry is something secret"—Proust, the volumes of whose huge novel, the most obsessive and yet perhaps most eloquent act in all literature of the recovery of an existence otherwise lost to time, were appearing in Paris during the years Seferis was a student there. He would take the opening sentence of *A la recherche du temps perdu* as the first line for a poem a decade and a half later—*"Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure"*—a sentence as much an echo in our minds now as certain lines from Shakespeare's sonnets, or the beginning of Mallarmé's sonnet on the death of Poe—*"Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change"*—that Seferis would recall in another poem. The poet's brain is a great echo chamber; the fact was there, if less consciously so, before Eliot or Pound proposed and practiced the theory. When Seferis gave a memorial broadcast over the B.B.C. in London in 1951, at the time of the death of his fellow poet, Sikelianos, he began with a variation, as it were, on Mallarmé's line. Seferis said: "The death of the poet is the consummation of a birth." From the time of Pericles, funeral orations have tended toward rhetoric, but Seferis remained spare, strangely exact even in his expanding emotion, even as he spoke of having felt "the wings of a great angel beating in the room" where he last left Sikelianos, such as the angels one may find painted on the walls of Byzantine churches in Greece. Outside the room, remembering the last strophe of a poem by Sikelianos, Seferis said, "I was looking at the resurrection of the stars." In this evocation of Sikelianos, Seferis appropriately reflected the other man's oracular faith and poetry, more than his own.

Fifteen years later, facing his own death, or that which was inevitably leading to it, he writes the most severe, the least obviously eloquent poems of his whole life's work. Resurrection was neither beautiful nor easy nor inviting to Seferis; it came, if at all, by necessity, in the hard meaning of that word in Greek tragedy, by means of the probing of knives, the grinding of millstones, a horrible threshing floor; this is what the "stars" are made from, at least in one phase of these poems. Seferis, no less than Cavafy, felt that "the growing old of my body and my face is a wound from a terrible knife," and not only his own body but "even this woman/ whom you saw, for a moment, beautiful,/

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bends, endures no longer, succumbs./ Everything is ground by the millstones/ and turned into stars." But Seferis' style, the man of these poems, radically checks the theatricality such images might give license to.

The title, *Three Secret Poems*, is exact as it applies both to his manner of writing and his conception of his subject. Not only because the final things are always secret, or especially so, but because Seferis treats the passion of death, the last passion, which usurps the passion of life, as a kind of secret ritual, an exorcism, purification, and painful resurrection, of which he is the victim and only witness who truly knows what it is, though with each rereading of the poems we, too, become more adept witnesses with him. So laden with rhetoric, with rehearsed convention, with pomp has this occasion been, that Seferis, determined almost savagely—"But in the shallows/ a speared octopus pulsed out its ink"—with absolute honesty, to describe this ultimate stage of his life, that he hates but must at the same time find a way of going through, turns his poetry into an unsparing instrument of scrutiny of what he feels and learns. To him this was not an occasion of lyrical expansiveness: "Do not waste the breath/ this breathing has granted you."

Yet an eloquence, not at first fully heard in the poems, continually checked as it is by a kind of dead stop at which it falls—"Remember the robe you saw/ open and slip over nakedness/ and fall about the ankles,/ dead"—from which it releases itself again, as life's dreams intervene—"at the first sweet glimmer of dawn/ I saw lips that opened/ leaf by leaf"—and then is again cut down by a logic, a fact, the opposite of what allowed it its brief span—this precarious lyricism exists all the more acutely for the poet's determination not to waste, not to dissipate or falsify his experience, which he holds bitterly pure, as it were, from the spurious magic of illusions or cures to which he sees a world run.

In the hot night
the withered priestess of Hecate,
her breasts naked, high on the roof,
entreats an artificial full moon, while
two young slave girls, yawning,
mix in a copper cauldron
aromatic drugs.
Tomorrow, those who delight in perfumes will glut themselves.

Seferis' final recognition of the fate befitting the passions of his life reaches to a poetry with the power of irreducible statement, of there being, in truth, nothing else to which a man with any natural dignity can come.

As the pine tree at high noon,
overcome with resin,
hurries to give birth to flames
and endures the pangs no longer—

call the children to gather the ashes
and sow them.
What is gone is rightly gone.

Long before these last poems, even though Henry Miller in *The Colossus of Maroussi* described Seferis at the age of 38 as a man who relished the fantastic storytelling of his friend Katsimbalis, Seferis never felt anything but distaste for babbling in poetry or politics. As he says in *On the Greek Style*, he despised nothing more than poetic prose and propagandistic political speeches or the equivalent in poems. Nor did he have any illusions that the true poet, by the example of his disciplined language, could correct the careless language and habits of politicians. Seferis would never have made Pound's mistake. Remembering Mussolini he wrote that if "that oversized *pagliaccio* of fascism had had time to notice a small sentence of his countryman (Pirandello), he might not have met his deplorable end. He was ruined by the pomp of words, that tragic illusion. But politicians seldom have time to notice such details." Seferis knew from experience what he was talking about, because he himself occupied high positions in his country's government. What his relations to the present regime were we may surmise from reports in the press of sympathetic crowds at his funeral last September in Athens shouting "Freedom!" But Seferis would not have been much impressed, any more than Socrates was or Yeats, by the language of the crowd. About the indiscriminate use of the word "freedom" he had this to say: "In these days there are poets who use the word 'truth' or the word 'freedom' with the same indifference with which they say to a stranger, 'I am pleased to have met you.'"

Thus, when we come to the stark eloquence of the last poems, the style in which Seferis wished to speak in the end, we should keep in mind the babbling, fickle background of language and feeling and thought which he knew vitiated the political and even much of the poetic expression of his time, and probably of every time. He did not want to fall victim to that constitutional temptation of poets that Nietzsche diagnosed: "Poets behave shamelessly toward their experiences. They exploit them." I find no poem in virtually the entire range of Seferis' work that fails to give the sense of a certain meditated weighing of his subject. It is this quality of his that when we first read his poems may cause us to feel they are distant rather than exciting in a readily apparent way we have come too commonly to expect, even though a poem by Seferis is almost invariably pierced through by a metaphor, that "first gift of the poet," of a kind singularly his own: "my hand was nailed to the gunwale/ by an arrow shot suddenly/ from the bounds of a vanished youth."

Seferis has the happy fate of those masters who on repeated readings amaze us even as they grow clearer. And the echoes we hear of those other masters that were dear to him and who all together constitute that succession, that "order which has been created by good works of art, past and present," and which every masterful poet has written in the presence of, near or far, and undoubtedly with more and more consciousness of as the history of poetry has lengthened and accumulated—these echoes enrich the resonance of Seferis' own mastery and are carried forward by it. It is pertinent to know that at the time he was composing *Three Secret Poems* he was also translating into modern Greek the *Apocalypse of St. John* and the *Song of Songs* which he published in the one year, 1966.

There will always, of course, be many different ways to literature, and there are often surprises; one would not wish to insist on the "historical" way, which has its capacity to overshadow and cripple the onward moving will, as Nietzsche warned in "The Use and Abuse of History," and perhaps only a certain kind of temperament and experience and, above all, *ear*, can make of it a grace rather than an encumbrance, or an affectation. Wallace Stevens said that "Poetry is the scholar's art," meaning "scholar" in the sense that Seferis or Eliot would mean "historian." In confirmation but also moving below and beyond such a view, in his essay on "Cavafy and Eliot," Seferis, after having suggested that Cavafy's poems completed "the remarkable unity of the Greek Anthology, which contains poems written over a period of about a thousand years and yet forms a whole," then went on to say, "What comes after this I do not know. From this point everyone must proceed in his own way. If poetry were not deeply rooted in our bodies and in our world, it would be a short-lived thing. We do not know the end of poetry." □

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Without Benefit of Tradition

THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM. *By Jose Yglesias. World Publishing Co. 215 pp. $7.95.*

MARTIN GREEN
Mr. Green is an English writer, teaching at present at Tufts University. He is the author of Re-Appraisals: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature, The Problem of Boston, Mirror for Anglo-Saxons *and* Yeats's Blessings on von Hügel *(all Norton).*

As this novel ends, the narrator's son, who has been involved in the student strike at Columbia University, goes underground. His grandmother scolds him on the phone, saying that he "needn't have drawn attention to himself" and that he should be discreet—"that is how we have always survived." The narrator himself is trapped between these two modes of radical politics, and torn between feelings for the two generations which practice them. Is personal survival enough, now? If it is enough for his mother, is it enough for his son? And yet his mother's survival has been of infinite value to him, while his son's attack on society threatens cultural values he holds dear. Above all, what is the narrator himself doing? Is he not falling between these two stools?

The novel's subject is strikingly like that of Raymond Williams' *Border Country* of 1960. In the British story a university teacher goes back from London to his native village in Wales, where his father, a railway signalman, is dying; he rediscovers his past and his parents' culture—which was politically radical, but in a style very unlike his own current ideology; and the experience teaches him much about what he has become, and what he must go on to. In Mr. Yglesias' novel a New York writer goes back to Tampa, Fla., rediscovers his family's history and values, and struggles to adjust his piety toward that past to his radical faith in some better future. Both books are about nostalgia, and its uses, much more than its dangers, to a radical intellectual. From this point of view, one might contrast both with Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook,* where the writer's nostalgia is destructive, and the conflict between it and radical politics tears her apart as a writer. Anna, in *The Golden Notebook,* can write well only about things she hates, about the processes of destruction and death, and the life of her work is the pleasure she and her readers take in that. All three works clearly have an autobiographical character, but Williams and Yglesias write out of a position of strength, of self-respect and respect for their past.

Now Yglesias' new novel is quite unlike the other two in feeling—more delicate, in some sense lighter in weight—so that one must have a good reason before invoking them. The reason is that in England there is a fully worked out ideology which explains and supports fiction like that of Williams, and which is appropriate to that of Yglesias. In other words, *The Truth About Them,* despite being so American and so Latin, should be read as if it were a British novel. We may identify the ideology with F. R. Leavis and *Scrutiny,* and summarize it as the belief that literary sensibility is the natural complement of radical politics, because it shows how to reinterpret and repossess the culture of the past, and so provides a criterion for judging new life directions. One might add that the culture of the past appears as characteristically familial and domestic, even matriarchal; it is culture as opposed to civilization, with its big institutions and impersonal systems. Leavis has always stood for the claims of that sensibility to be the ally and even the guide of radicalism, and this is how Yglesias employs it, though he is learning from the past not in terms of literary masterpieces but in terms of family legends.

In the Fist of the Revolution, Yglesias' book about the Cuba of Fidel Castro, was written out of a similar tension of interest. Its subject is very similar to that of *A Wake at Tampa* and its narrative-emotional form is very like that of *The Goodbye Land,* which tells of Yglesias' discovery of his *father*'s family, in Spain. All the work of his short writing career derives in some measure from that tension of interest, and the four books named express it directly and powerfully. Taken together, they constitute—or could do so if properly understood—the nucleus of a valuable tradition in American letters. They strengthen and support one another, and they would be further enhanced if there were other books like them and readers ready for them.

As has been suggested, in terms of form and style, Yglesias is quite unlike the British writers I have cited. He writes more elegantly, more chastely, more variously than do Williams and Lessing. Some episodes from this book were published in *The New Yorker,* and though they have a much more substantial character in their present context, something about their manner still answers to that idea, "The New Yorker." And when the matter is nostalgia and the manner is *New Yorker,* the danger threatening the book must be sentimentality. Perhaps one must say that such a book is bound to be sentimental, and the critical question is simply what is the quality of the sentiment. (Nabokov, a writer close to genius, is sentimental—that may suggest that there is no condescension in my use of the word.) It is easiest to define Yglesias' quality by discussing a case in which his maneuver is explicit—though in that instance it doesn't quite come off. Before describing to us a funeral in Tampa, he tells us it *could* be so presented as to be "darling enough to make you cry." But he will not so describe it. What interested him was the funeral oration, which was full of interest and dignity considered as a cultural tradition, as well as an individual performance. But he does also

#33

Doing
FANTASY #
33, right

out
in full view, the
day

streaked with dirt (an
unwashed window
darkly).

Pretty girls
pasting lives to
look inside; too shy

to get up and
touch them. But dream
on their heads.

Women
are not free if
men

still insist. One must
trade, go outside.
Let her choose. If

it is freedom, let her
take; a genital
embrace as sexual

soldier and
companion
in the blood. The

bible (that male
chauvinist doctrine)
says, "There are

238 ways." No one
dies in bed
except those fighting

for survival. Let her
teach you
that tender rule.

Allen Katzman

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Number 38 **January 20, 1972**

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For the trouble with lying and deceiving is that their efficiency depends entirely upon a clear notion of the truth which the liar and deceiver wishes to hide. —Hannah Arendt

YEAR OF THE RAT

The sagacious East has appointed 1972 the Year of t… …ood, for the rat betokens a bountiful harvest. A rat ye… …d larders. Arriving every twelfth year, it f… So we have an extra day of plenty, and an … …he field.

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…opera. They are warranted …to hex his opponents into a gaggle … geese, particularly if he … of …

…worn with waiting, its senses dulled. As unemployment shrinks at last and G.N.P. swells, the Nixon …nt will fly and our hearts will overflow. …much, as everybody knows, is in the works, …thing. What all have failed to reckon is that …he Year of the Rat.

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describe the comic antics of his uncle and aunt there, and I'm afraid the net effect *is* "darling enough to make you cry." In a novel, or in such a novel, a cultural tradition does not weigh heavy against a piece of comic narrative.

But that problem is faced on every page of the book, and on 99 out of 100 of them is solved successfully. The substance of the novel is the forms of life of the Tampa cigar makers; their politics, their strikes, their clubs, their funerals, weddings, childbeds, their attitudes to Negroes and Yankees, to religion and gambling, the men's world of clubs, the women's suspicion of the "American" world of hospitals, armies, elections, etc. This culture is matriarchal, in the sense of its suspicion of institutions and officialdom, but also in the sense of the women's role in holding the family together. But the role of being a man in this culture is immensely dignified and glamorous—men are just, kind, severe, honorable, passionate—and the ritual of a boy becoming a man is as much celebrated as that of a girl first meeting love. It is the manliness of men and the womanliness of women that Yglesias celebrates, the richness of experience and the charm of sensuality.

The book on the whole is an act of love. And all this is kept from sentimentality in the pejorative sense by his insistence on the cultural forms—on *how* those virtues have been sustained and transmitted, on the pride and prudence and principle of these people, including their harsh judgment of others who do not live up to their standards. As in *Sons and Lovers*, here the life of a lower-class family is so presented as to show us the strength and the resources of its culture, not its deprivations or limitations.

This is the best of the book. The artful structure, with its frequent shifts of time-scheme, affects me in the same way as the ingratiating manner of the narrative; I doubt its full appropriateness to the subject and the message. Not that I would want Mr. Yglesias to be emotionally dogmatic and magisterial, in Raymond Williams' fashion. There is plenty of room for a more modest and playful approach to these themes. But I wish he had had the advantage of the British tradition to support him, to provide him with an audience who would understand the implications of what he was doing and take them seriously. Perhaps then he might have allowed himself some harsher and heavier notes, which (I think) would have built up the whole to something more massive. But it is substantial enough as it stands to outweigh the bulk of today's "fiction of ideas." □

Meet the Oral (Anal?) Chinese

MAO'S REVOLUTION AND THE CHINESE POLITICAL CULTURE. *By Richard Solomon. University of California Press. 604 pp. $16.75.*

LEE FEIGON
Mr. Feigon teaches East Asian history at Kendall College, Evanston, Ill.

The arrival of Henry Kissinger in Washington inaugurated an era of sophistication in Administration policies and attitudes concerning China. This sophistication can be seen in this book by Richard Solomon, one of the foremost architects of Kissinger's China policy and a member of the President's National Security Council.

In its original form as a Ph.D. thesis, Solomon's analysis concluded with a denunciation of totalitarian societies, and with the dictum that such societies contained the seeds of their own destruction. This idea, however, has lately become unfashionable; Solomon now concludes that Mao, through the Cultural Revolution, has encouraged the youth of China to break out of the "authoritarian" mold of their elders and "show greater willingness to challenge established authority."

This is a bold, if not entirely novel idea, and the fact that it is held by one of the President's advisers on China, a man who only a few years ago was denouncing the Chinese Government as totalitarian, would seem a cause for hope. Still, reading this book, I often found myself shuddering—and not because I disagreed with Mr. Solomon's analysis of Chinese politics (I found that part very good indeed), but because of his arrogance. For, as Hannah Arendt has pointed out ("Lying in Politics," *New York Review of Books*, November 18, 1971), it was the arrogance of Johnson's and Kennedy's policy makers that allowed us to get entangled in Vietnam.

Arrogance characterizes this book throughout. The basic contention of the first half of the study is that for more than 2,000 years the average Chinese male has exhibited a basically dependent, "oral" personality, incapable of creative effort and fearful of disorder; the second half tries to illustrate the contention through an analysis of recent Chinese politics. (Chinese females, we are told, are, in spite of their traditional exploitation, much less dependent on authority than males.) The theory is based on a few selected quotations from the Confucian Analects (the rich Buddhist and Taoist cultural traditions of China are ignored), and the results of a battery of questions and the Thematic Apperception Test that Solomon and his assistants gave to less than 100 urban, mainly upper-class Chinese refugees living in Hong Kong and Taiwan.

Mr. Solomon makes much of the importance of food and eating as an index of the nature of Chinese society; nevertheless this trait is common in family-oriented cultures (including the Jewish and Italian, and even in hippie communes). It is an open question whether that necessarily implies characterological dependency. Similarly, while statements from the Analects about the need for absolute submission of a child to his parents are rightly quoted to show how Chinese society attempts to teach the individual to obey authority unquestioningly, they are not put in perspective by comparison with authoritarian notions within our own culture, such as "Spare the rod and spoil the child" or the Biblical story in which Abraham is prepared to slay his son Isaac to show his fealty to God, the Supreme Father.

Moreover, the few descriptions of the actual workings of Chinese family life in the popular novels and stories of traditional China are not mentioned (these, by the way, are laden with the kind of "anal" references Solomon believes were previously foreign to the Chinese). And some of the answers Solomon elicits from his respondents seem rather flimsy as evidence for his case. For instance, Solomon dilates upon one such statement that it would be better to admit Communist China into the U.N. because then the country could be controlled by the rules of that organization, and its bad tendencies could thus be checked. Although this might possibly be indicative of the Chinese need for an organization to control what they fear are their potentially unmanageable emotions, it is also what a good many American social scientists have been saying for years.

Mr. Solomon's attitude of cultural superiority, warned against by Erik Erikson—whom the author is fond of citing—introduces a special danger in the new Kissinger-Nixon approach to diplomacy. The assumption behind it is that "we" are operating on rational principles which "they" must accept or be damned. When, as in the case of India, a country refuses to accept our principles, it is

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given the cold shoulder. In the case of China (where, according to Solomon, Mao is about the only nonauthoritarian personality in the country) there seems to be a feeling that we are offering the Chinese salvation from the Russians; it is significant that Solomon's analysis of China's policies over the last twenty years places great emphasis on its reactions to events within the Communist bloc, such as Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, and very little on the American encirclement of China.

If the Chinese do not cooperate (as in 1949, when the Communists dared to win the civil war and then proved to be genuine radicals and not Populist reformers as we had assumed), our policy makers are very likely to feel betrayed, and that feeling, in turn, may have serious historical consequences. Meanwhile, easy assumptions about the nature of an alien culture can always be validated—to our satisfaction—by pointing to this or that pattern of behavior.

Already, Lucien Pye, whom the author acknowledges in this volume, has drawn on Solomon's data to write a book (*The Spirit of Chinese Politics: A Psychocultural Study of the Authority Crisis in Political Development*, 1968), the thesis of which is that as a result of Chinese toilet-training methods, the basic emotion of Chinese culture is hate. □

'Sheer Miracle to the Multitude'

PRINTS AND PEOPLE: A Social History of Printed Pictures. *By A. Hyatt Mayor. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1971. 752 illustrations. 492 pp. $20.*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Mr. Kirstein edited graphics and drawings of Elie Nadelman; photographs of Walker Evans, W. Eugene Smith and Cartier-Bresson.

It is rare for a general survey to cover more than one aspect of its purview in any depth. This one is—and equally—an incomparable record of a great art and a complex craft, a radical estimate of images on paper, an illustration of how a huge, ever-growing collection serves printmakers as well as industrial designers, and the anatomy of an expert's mind employing an artist's eye and a poet's words. The reader gains a vivid, by no means cursory view of paper pictures (including photographs) in their extravagant technical variety, while he is guided as seldom before through the mechanism of connoisseurship. Mr. Mayor's insight is founded in a knowledge of classical language, physical science, theatre and nonacademic philosophy. Yet all is manipulated with so gay a touch, so witty an enthusiasm that his book may seem mainly an album, so comfortable in format that its pages don't need to be numbered (its pictures are). These are a luxurious gallery, trimly reproduced in true blacks through pearly grays to blank whites.

Hyatt Mayor is curator emeritus of prints at the Metropolitan. He was inducted into his trade by William M. Ivins, Jr., whose authority, eccentricity and peppery expertise made him a formidable teacher. Ivins built a collection rich in materials which are the common glory of big repositories: Renaissance plates and books; Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya—as it were the Bach, Beethoven and Brahms of printmakers. Mayor disdains such mindless similes to stare at these worthies as if their proofs were just wet off the press. Prints are harder to read than paintings; usually smaller, they lack obvious color contrast. A very few have been elected as representatives of an enormous corpus, not at all "symphonic" in scale, but downgraded as mere "chamber music." The most famous prints of a dozen masters, continually reproduced, tend to be taken for granted. Here, even the most familiar are subjected to search and research, making one realize how loosely one has looked at them until now.

By 1932, after the Met had gained its solid base in acquisition, the new curator analyzed the holdings which were his to augment. Mayor's was a museum serving a metropolis, capital of a nation's culture as well as an industrial complex providing for its own area and the needs of world trade. In four decades, New York has acquired incalculable riches in unsuspected directions, not only as documentation but as exquisite models of observation and rendering—single cuts and catalogues of fire engines and fireworks, plumbing and steamboats, wigs and coaches, rocking chairs and gazebos. Often, the heading "Prints" suggests pictures for amateurs too poor to buy original paintings of which they are the colorless reduction. This book grants novel dignity to images long canonized, as well as to innumerable lovely and ingenious linear patterns evoked by common necessity, unattached to the prestige of more noble depiction but which often served in its composition—flayed musculature, perspective, lettering, lace and jewelry.

How is the expert eye focused and sharpened? By relentless looking and comparing; by ceaselessly shuffling, between eye and finger, examples of manners and methods, until they are absorbed into habit and appetite, cultivating an intimacy which is always rewarding in its surprise. Images start by ranking as families; qualitative contrasts emerge; versions apparently isolated find kinship. Distinctions appear; finally the genuinely distinguished sheet proclaims itself. Here, 750 illustrations demonstrate process, taste, skill, epoch; also, interdependent strains of precedent and influence from carving, carpentry, weaponry, fabrics, within a matrix of social, economic, geographical and metaphysical diffusion. Here we decode linear networks reflecting Venetian dazzle and steely Netherlandish ice. No single factor is simple; innovation is not a unitary aesthetic concept but depends as much on science as on fashion—or on an artist's position in a world which he may depict domesti-

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cally or else repudiate in sarcasm and contempt.

It will be amusing to read reviews of this book by its author's peers. There is no space here to question isolated judgments which may sound capricious, provocative or shocking. Statements as to priority, finality, quality are risked with a deceptive complacency, and with so stylish an arrogance that one is awed by the secure courtesy of a moral aristocrat. Opinions which may appear peculiar to the professional, or oracular to the amateur, need not deter casual readers; anyone with some love of prints must be dazzled by the author's pyrotechnics of analogy and analysis. Let us embrace typical impervious monsters, Dürer and Rembrandt, as touchstone to an expert's mind. Which of us has seen in El Greco's huge, late "St. John Beholding the Wonders of the Apocalypse" (in the Met), the image from which it was derived? Here is the small woodcut of a century before, Dürer's block of an "Agony in the Garden." Neither Christ nor Evangelist is exactly standing, sitting, kneeling or flying, but the posture of both benefits from a mystical ambiguity. Here, the borrowing of prints by painters is a main theme, as also debts owed sculptors. Who else would have linked Dürer's Adam with the Apollo Belvedere, since the Nuremberger probably never saw Rome? He took his stance from a Venetian drawing of the statue, but what is even more characteristic of Mayor's pinpointing is the clue that the figure was engraved *after* the foliage was filled in:

> He engraved with such caution—one might say trepidation—that he finished the entire background before he got the courage to sneak up on the figures, around which he reserved an aura of blank to allow him to fatten them up if need be.

So we have on facing pages a splendid pull of the whole plate, its ancestral marble, plus an incomplete state of Dürer's work in progress. As for Rembrandt, Mayor picks the so-called "Reclining Negress" of 1658:

> The optical age of the baroque had no more optical painter. . . . While he was etching his late great landscapes, he took a copper-plate to a swimming-hole to sketch the bathers in the open air. He saw them like Cézanne, as bodies fractured in dappled shade or obliterated in sunlight. No such etching occurs again until the 1880s in France. From this noonday glimpse Rembrandt could plunge into Giorgione's twilight . . . in a Venetian dusk compacted as thick as aspic. . . .

Comparison and assertiveness, suspect or outrageous, are enforced by four cuts.

POLITICAL POEM

The loss
not of conviction, but
stupidity:
what shall a passionate man do
who is not stupid
enough?

Go argue with
sunflowers,
tickle
the crevices of trees,
complain of oil
in the joints of birds:

Your voice
will be driven back
against your face
with bits of memory
and fat . . .

The wind
always blows
from some other place.

Stanley Cooperman

The juxtaposition is just, the assertion justified; what's more, the *mot juste*, "aspic," rips off layers of lazy looking.

It is no small trick to rehabilitate the commonplace, this book's particular legerdemain. There are quicksilver set pieces on Rome and Fontainebleau, London and Amsterdam, Augsburg and Edo, and also abrupt resurrections of works whose fame has lapsed. Vignettes of Van Dyke and Barocci, Watteau and Canaletto ignite forgotten prints to illuminate their larger canvases. Differences between drawing on paper, painting on cloth or wood, inking metal or stone have never been so handsomely delineated. Pictures are spelled out as alphabets; prose is primarily pictorial. Mayor has before this written admirably of painted scenery; here, men that most attract him are dramatists rather than decorators. However delicate or deliberate their needles, they render legible pathos, minuscule in Callot, majestic and monstrous in Goya. Mayor's special joy is in the usual made fantastic by the common-sense alchemy of inspired inversion which transforms the worst circumstance, meanest subject, poorest material, into magic.

> Too frugal to waste crayons by sharpening them, he (Daumier) turned their haphazard facets to the one that would give a particular stroke its force. Like a Chinese painter, he held his mental image until the clearing of his inner eye freed a few final lines that like an actor's make-up carry surprisingly far. The background of vague rows of city windows, or a tree or two, keep their distance in sun and air behind the actors, at the same time laying a subtle track to speed the lunge of action.

This volume sets a strong seal of merit on last year's centennial celebrations of our most necessary museum. Its design by Peter Oldenburg enhances every page and picture. Forty years ago Mayor took possession of his precincts saying wryly that he was entering a monastery. Perhaps then he had other aims, as classical scholar, painter, actor or teacher. His work at the Met, his recapitulation of it and its collections, share the asperity, sophistication, sensible labor and compassionate wisdom of Jesuit, Benedictine and Franciscan disciplines. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In 1939 Alfred H. Barr, Jr. published *Picasso: Forty Years of His Art*, and in 1946 *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*. The later, amplified book is the important one. It is a firm application of art-historical techniques of enquiry to the work of a living painter. We are accustomed to this procedure now, but when Barr wrote it was rare to aim for the sharp definition of art in process. In addition, the book marked a switch in the language of modern art scholarship, from German or French to English, that is to say, into American English, for there was no British equivalent of Barr's diligent methodology. On the occasion of the exhibition, "Picasso in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art" (until April 2), William Rubin, basing himself on Barr's book, has updated the original and covered the numerous accessions since Barr wrote.

The occasion for the show is Picasso's 90th birthday, but the book is significant as a first-rate contribution to an area in which American museums are notoriously weak, the documentation of their permanent collections. Thanks to Barr, the Modern has an extraordinary group of Picassos of most periods, including some of his best work. Rubin has taken advantage of the occasion to produce a catalog of a high documentary level, though in one respect his book is not the equal of his model. In Barr the text and photographs are brilliantly coordinated, but in Rubin's book the main illustrations are separated from the documentary and reference photographs. This may make the book look more attractive to casual buyers, but it is hard to use, since one must flip backward and forward to follow Rubin's close discussion of sources and variants. Rubin's dates,

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formal description, iconographical reading and supportive detail are convincing, often exemplary, especially in the entries up to and including 1928. Consider the entries for the following pictures: "Girl with a Mandolin," 1910, "Man With a Guitar," 1913, "Harlequin," 1915, "Studio with Plaster Head," 1925, and, both from 1928, "The Studio" and "Painter and Model."

Staying close to individual works, Rubin is able to clarify Picasso's turn of mind and habits of work admirably. His grasp of the significance of Cubism as a movement gives a singular justice to his discsussion of the period 1907 to 1916. Comparing Synthetic to Analytical Cubism he observes:

> The generally greater legibility of its images certainly makes it more representational; but its *schematic* mode of representation is more inherently abstract than the illusionistic mode that had prevailed in Analytical Cubism.

Apropos of "Woman with a Mandolin," 1914, Rubin stresses

> the structural role of the framing edge in Synthetic Cubism. The composition is locked into and supported by the frame in a way that suggests its teetering scaffolding might collapse without it. The structures of high Analytical Cubist pictures were, by comparison, self-sufficient. While they echoed and re-echoed the stabilizing verticals and horizontals of the frame, they usually floated at a short distance from it....

Instead of writing himself about "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Rubin reprints Barr on the picture, a piece written too early to catch an aspect of it that seems important now, namely a radical notion of what constitutes finish. The internal style change between the left and right sides is not resolved pictorially but left openly visible, clashing, a remarkable dismissal of the concept of a picture's necessary homogeneity.

Rubin has missed one aspect of "Night Fishing at Antibes," 1939, probably because he was busy clearing up dubious sexual and prophetic political readings of it. It is Picasso's custom to paint a history picture, or something approaching it, every year or two, to make a major statement after a long run of easy pieces. And Rubin demonstrates the persistence of motifs from one work to another; Picasso is iconographically and compositionally rather retentive. Hence the possibility that "Night Fishing" may be related to "Guernica," painted a little more than two years earlier. In "Guernica" a horse has been speared from above (symbol of an air raid) and in "Night Fishing" a fish is being stabbed from above by a four-pronged spear. In "Guernica" the scene is illumined by an electric bulb and a lamp, the latter apparently in the hand of a symbolic female witness. In "Night Fishing" an acetylene lamp is in the upper center, its light a decoy to the fish. On the jetty two women observe the fishing, a tranquil echo of the distressed witness in "Guernica." The picture may be viewed as a pastoral version of "Guernica," a subplot with low parallels to the tragic violence of the main plot. If one views "Night Fishing" in this way one can, by extension, relate it to Picasso's later paraphrases of old masters, such as Velasquez's "Las Meninas." There seems no doubt that the spirit of Picasso's versions of past art is parodistic; they are sardonic and farcical, not paraphrase into an equal genre. The translation down, from grand manner to low comedy, is, if I am right about this, stated first in the relation between "Guernica" and "Night Fishing."

The weak points in the book are those at which Rubin pays homage to Picasso, as opposed to providing sound commentary on the works themselves. Scattered through the book are unargued claims to majesty and greatness which sit hollowly with the sober method of the rest of the text. A picture of 1908, "Repose," is said to have "a sense of immense if dormant power, virtually Michelangelesque in scale (one thinks of the personification of *Night* in the Medici Chapel)." To compare a routine canvas measuring 32 by 25 inches of Picasso's transitional Proto-Cubist phase, as Barr calls it, with an absolutely exceptional and over-life-size marble carving simply will not do. This promotion of the later artist by association with great names is used again for "Woman in an Armchair," 1961-62: "In the bravura of its execution he pits himself against the great Spanish court painters Velasquez and Goya." To compare a densely painted, shaggily ornate picture like this to either Velasquez or Goya, let alone to *both* of them, is quite untenable. Actually, as Rubin points out elsewhere, Picasso is more effective as a draftsman and a modeler (that is to say, bracing his color with tonal light and shadow) than as a "pure" painter, whereas Velasquez

EASTER 1969

Riding the good road
built by NATO, out
of Athens to Levádia
Paris and Helen in
the back seat picked their
mountain flowers paid
respect to power lines
and altogether scamped
the roast lambs trussed
on village spits, blue
smoke in all directions
while the season turned.
O brave new world
to wind up by the road
in something four-square white
the floor scrubbed clean
a skinned lamb hanging
by the heels in center room
beyond which looking tough
tacked on the wall beside
the king and queen in exile
Papadopoulos and Pattakós
pinpoint the day.
A Christian nation one
not yet quite ready for
democracy the papers say
two thousand years after
they first made up the word.
A dragged out beaten cur
three legs is hanging round
the door as I pay the bill
my heart not in it
and we make our way back out
into anonymous sunlight.
The driver's got some
friends we visit ten
miles up some goat trail
and the locked church suddenly
is opened, built
on top a spring whose water
dipped in a tin cup
grates the teeth. Askrá
they tell me here's Askrá
birthplace of Hesiod
surprised I know him.
Then they photograph the spot
themselves in various
combinations by the church
Paris and Helen, Evangelos
and Helen, Helen and Anthoúla
Paris and Evangelos. I
take my turn. The vast
light breaks the ages down
damned cold in winter damned
hot in summer. How
could he love this land
outpost of nowhere
murderous as myth.
Sun up, to work. Sun
down, to rest. This rocky
landscape Hesiod how could he
plow a straight furrow?
Three thousand years.
Sun. Moon. Stone. Sky.
Against the whitewashed wall.
Official pronouncements.

Kenneth O. Hanson

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is essentially painterly. Why does Rubin resort to this vocabulary of empty praise? Perhaps he felt that the birthday demanded platitudes, but his strongly analytical text gains nothing from association with the fan-club writing style that constitutes so much of the Picasso canon. In his book on Frank Stella, written two years ago, he used only a clear descriptive and explanatory prose. □

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RECORDS / David Hamilton

SESSIONS: Symphony No. 2 (1946). MENNIN: Symphony No. 3 (1946). Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. CRI SD-278. $5.95 ("electronic stereo").

Pleasure at the reissue of these contemporaneous works is tempered by the deplorable disfigurement practiced on the original recorded sound. In the Sessions, where a copy of the original issue is at hand, one finds a spuriously shrill top range added as part of the phony-stereo "enhancement," and a distracting low-frequency electronic hum as well; owners of the Columbia editions are advised to retain them, others to play the new disc in mono, with a treble cut.

After some twenty-five years, Sessions' Second Symphony, which predates the composer's marked access of productivity in the mid-fifties (since which time he has written six additional symphonies, only one of them available on records), remains a major achievement in its variety and specificity of character, harmonic sure-footedness and orchestral mastery. The musical process is engaged at all levels, and to the enormously colorful surface flow is matched an arch of long-range movement that is securely conveyed in the fine Mitropoulos performance.

Mennin's Third Symphony testifies vividly—rather too vividly—to its vintage, for the fundamental mode of progress is via the character and rhetoric of the melodic lines; lacking other interest, these inevitably recall their contemporaries rather than establish their own identity as part of a structure. The shading of import as these lines are spun out in varying ways is not supported by a strong enough harmonic direction, and the initial rhythmic impulse of the fast movements tends to repeat rather than renew itself. As a result, interest remains concentrated on the surface, and the novelty that once sustained this interest no longer suffices to mask the lack of overriding structural soundness or textural variety. The recorded quality is somewhat muddy, to the particular detriment of the (perhaps overwritten) timpani part, and the all too infrequent contrapuntal activity in the strings is usually submerged; however, the prevalent sparse homogeneity loses less sonically than does Sessions' colorfully scored density.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2; *Alto Rhapsody*. Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; John Alldis Choir; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Odeon ASD-2746. $5.98.

In matters of orchestral balance, phrasing and agogics, this performance of the Brahms Second yields to no other I have heard. Although known here on recordings primarily as a performer of British music, Boult (born in 1889) belongs to the same generation as Furtwängler, Klemperer, Knappertsbusch, Krauss and Klieber, and his German training may have some bearing on the easy grace of these readings. One notices immediately the precision of chording and voice-leading, so ordered that a progression of harmonies sustains its identity and logic, each succeeding sonority balanced in exactly the same way (it is surprising how often the work of celebrated conductors is deficient in this respect, with random notes sticking out in a series of chords). Perhaps the London Philharmonic lacks the ultimate in individual virtuosity that distinguishes the best American orchestras, but the collective accomplishment here is most impressive.

Equally compelling is the mastery of musical motion, whereby Brahms's elaborate phrase overlaps and extensions are always kept on the right foot, each line "spoken" in the most natural and individual way, yet clearly fitted into the total texture and forward stride. As a result, one hears more—not those "inner voices" of which some commentators are so fond but rather a translucent clarity of linear motions. Boult's adherence to the once traditional practice of seating second violins on the right, well away from the firsts, no doubt helps to produce this lucidity.

I suspect that this English recording is available in America more because Janet Baker participates in the *Alto Rhapsody* than because of Boult's mastery, and the vocal fans will not be disappointed—but I am even more impressed by the conductor's success at holding together the first section of the piece, where the shifts between duple and triple metrics are more clearly articulated than in the usual slower, freer reading. The recorded sound is a shade lavish with resonance for the drums, but otherwise admirable.

SCHUBERT: Selected songs. Janet Baker, soprano; Gerald Moore, piano. Odeon C-187-02172/3. $11.96 (two discs).

A pendant of sorts to the massive Fischer-Dieskau sets of last year, concentrating on the "female" songs, this group is more impeccably sung and, despite a few solecisms, decidedly more rewarding in its emphasis on musical rather than declamatory values. □

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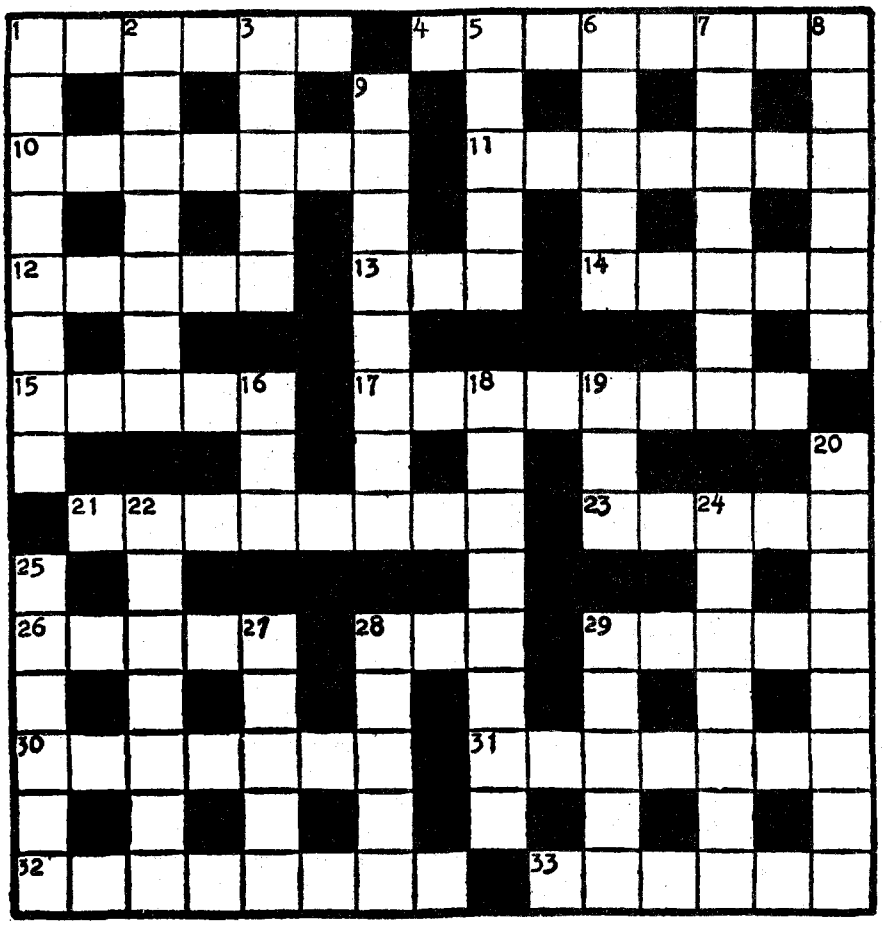
Crossword Puzzle No. 1429

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 10 across Very upset by a person's own impish spirit? (6,7)
4 Antony thought it ought to be of 24 and 27. (8)
10 See 1 across
11 Annoyed at being stuck? (7)
12 One blind attempt back around it, as one fixes a worm. (5)
13, 16, 19 and 28 across One who judges the outfit takes time to get to the top, where it's cold. (12)
14 Pen the French needed for class? (5)
15 Out of range in Ireland, but not the country. (5)
17 Thingummies. (8)
21 Only a little pale, in foxy circumstances.
23 In deep, perhaps, hence bewildered. (2,3)
26 Get quite a bit of what Bernstein just wrote? (5)
28 See 13 across
29 Animal of rather flashy enamel. (5)
30 Obviously an intramural description. (2-5)
31 It probably foretells evening tide, if any.
32 A peculiar idiom, fed into what the adjective did, perhaps. (8)
33 Chosen alternate name for the sound of this children's disease? (6)

DOWN

1 Bully for rough water, Bob! (8)
2 Proverbially a cat can look so, in looking. (7)
3 They might easily change color. (5)
5 and 20 That which might be associated with this stage fare wasn't a nightmare, however. (3,2,2,6)
6 Damage suit with a number in at one stroke? (5)
7 Not a hep chicken—just one who does fine work of a sort. (7)
8 Version of 3-D one might be dropped off. (6)
9 A very loud and appropriate way to scare someone. (8)
16 See 13 across
18 The 24-hour version of what is referred to in 5 and 20 is not necessarily impossible. (8)
19 See 13 across
20 See 5 down
22 Hated to see the burden hanging around?
24 Further back, and more firm? (7)
25 An element of help confused in spirit.
27 Plug of material. (5)
28 The signature tune of the anthem *Emanuel*. (5)
29 An expression of contemptuous disbelief. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1428

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